

We zap...

...slap

...scrap

...flap

...and rap

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WARS

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NUMBER 196

JANUARY 1978

MAD

"If you were to kick the person responsible for most of your problems, you wouldn't be able to sit down for a week!"—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS

the usual gang of idiots

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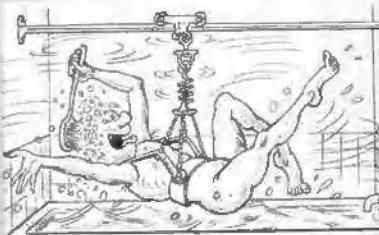
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MAD OVERSEAS

I've heard that there are many foreign editions of MAD, and that MAD paperback books are published in many languages. I wonder what they look like?

Marty Goldberg
Brookfield, Conn.

GERMAN

Hmmm...
ich fürchte,
ich kann
mich auch
nicht ent-
scheiden!

Wie bitte? Der große
Boß, der in der Firma
wichtige Entscheidungen
in Sekundenschnelle trifft,
kann sich zu Hause
nicht entscheiden??!



JAPANESE

ドアを押えておけ、ドトンマン！

でも...



PORTUGUESE

... E SE O TRANSPORTA SSEMOS DE VOLTA A SEU PÔVO, ENTÃO COM SAÚDE, PODERIA PREVENIR-LHES DA CATASTROFE QUE SE APROXIMA. PODERIAM DEIXAR O PLANETA E SE RESTABELECEREM, EM OUTRO LUGAR. PODERÍAMOS MUDAR O SEU FUTURO.

TERMINOU?

SIM.

VOCÊ ESTA LOUCO.



DUTCH



AUTHENTIEKE HIMALAYA FLUIT — In principe is dit dezelfde fluit die wij vorig jaar als "Baskische Herdersfluit" op de markt brachten. Bij deze fluiten werden in de fabriek de gaten verkeerd geboord, zodat er een echt "Himalaya-soundje" uit komt. Vandaar... laten we hopen dat de klant niet achter de waarheid komt...

SF25.—Authentieke Himalaya boerenfluit f 10.— per doz.

SWEDISH

Är
vi
säkra
här
på
täget,
Hack?

Så klart vi
är säkra!
Ding har inget
50-kort...
dom släpper
aldrig in
honom här!

Ställ
ögonblick-
ligen ner
täget, din
stora
kriminella
ap-listig!

Är det
här 42:a
gatan? Kan
ni släppa
av mej
vid 42:a
gatan?

Gode Gud!
Han tänker
ryta igen!
Jag står
inte ut
när han
ryter...!

Jag förstår
dej! Ljudet
kan
spränga
skallen
på er!

Strunt i
ljudet!
Det är
ande-
dräkten
man kan
dö av!



Here are just a few samples, which clearly demonstrate that MAD... in any language... smells just as bad!—Ed.

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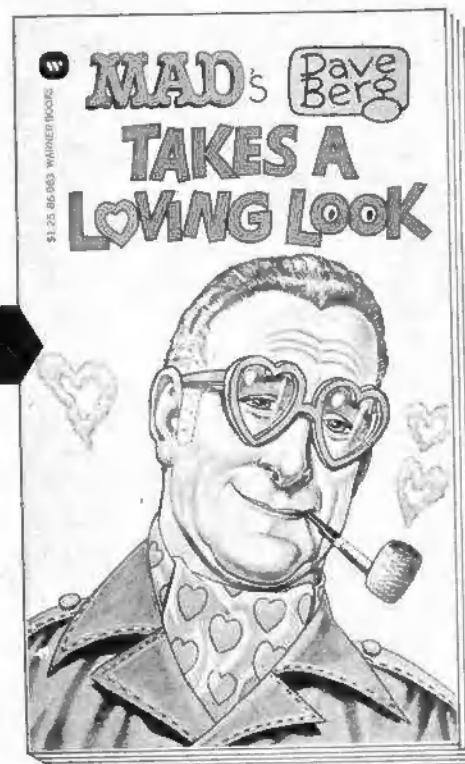
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IN A GALAXY MILLIONS
OF LIGHT YEARS AWAY,
A BAD EVIL GALACTIC
EMPIRE HAS PLANS FOR
A SUPER SPACE STATION
THAT CAN DESTROY AN
ENTIRE PLANET. LED BY
GOOD PRINCESS LAIDUP,
REBEL FORCES STEAL THE
PLANS...AND A MIGHTY
STAR WAR TAKES PLACE!

That rotten,
evil Galactic
Empire...
killing and
destroying
everything
in sight!!

Wiping out planets
and civilization,
I can almost excuse!
But when they start
picking on poor
defenseless movie
introductions...

Hey, clue
me in...
How do we
tell the
GOOD GUYS
from the
BAD GUYS
around
here,
anyway?!

Simple!
The WHITES
are
BAD!
The BLACKS
are
GOOD!

Where'd they
get that
idea from,
Ganoomo
Sajo... the
ruler of Mars?

No, Muhammad
Ali... the
ruler of Earth!

If us BAD
guys are in
WHITE, and
the GOOD
guys are in
BLACK...
what's our
Leader doing
dressed in
Black...?

You may not
believe this,
but he hasn't
changed his
costume in
20 years! If
started OUT
white, but
with all his
dirty work...

You are now
in my power,
Princess
Laidup!
Return the
plans you
stole, and
I'll make
it worth
your while!

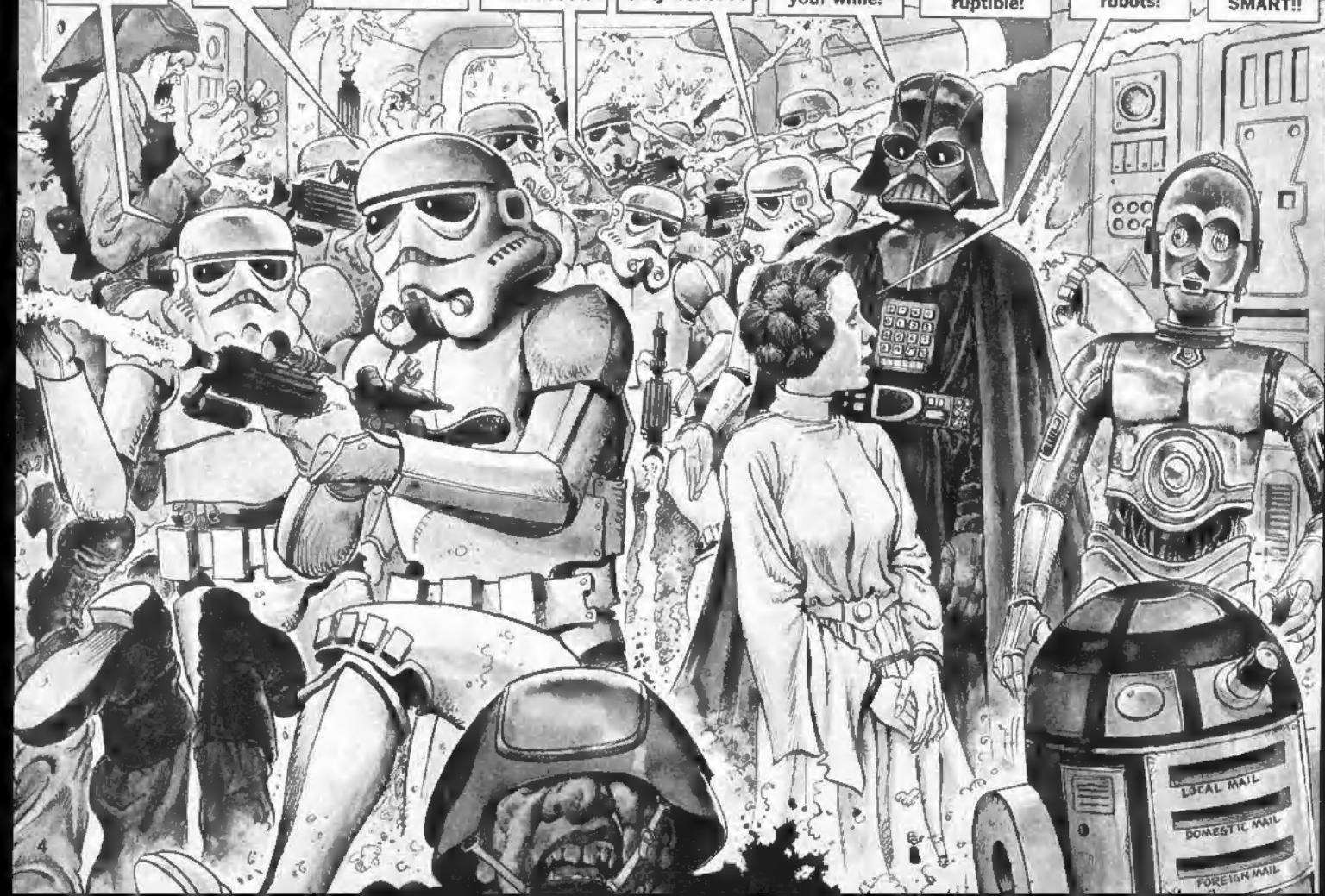
You can't
bribe me,
Zader! You
forget, I'm
fearless
and honest
and decent
and incor-
ruptible!

Come on!
Where are
the plans?

If you
must know,
I gave
them to a
pair of
robots!

You gave
them to a
pair of
ROBOTS?!

I
never
said
I was
SMART!!



Incredible! Our ship goes faster than the speed of light, and our guns fire almost as fast as the speed of light!

Yeah . . . so guess what just happened! We shot ourselves down!

What?! You mean to tell me that the In-Flight Movie is Bugs Bunny chasing the Roadrunner up a hill?!

What do you expect on a seven second flight . . . "The Godfather"?

How high up into space would you say this ship goes?

Quiet! I'm about to say a prayer before we go into battle . . .

OUR FATHER WHO ART BELOW US IN HEAVEN—

That high, huh?

Boy, these space ships are noisy!! Maybe that's why they call this movie . . .

STAR ROARS

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL WITH DICK DE BARTOLO

We got away, Bar-Stool! So far, so good! The Princess depends on us! Our mission must not fail!

Beedee! Boop! Tweet!

TRANSLATION: If we're both robots, Cree-Pio, how come we look—and talk—so different?

Because I happen to be a magnificent, articulate golden Adonis, and you're a sawed-off, incoherent, stupid sack of bolts!

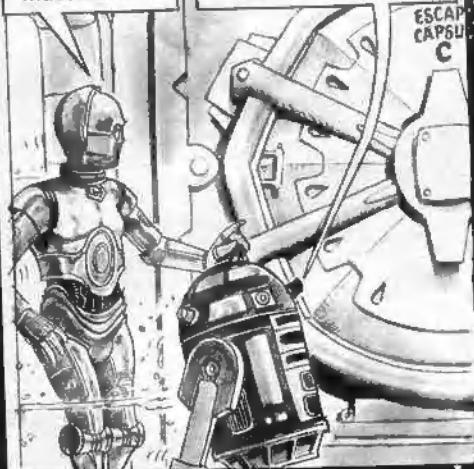
Beedee! Boop!

TRANSLATION: I knew there had to be a scientific reason for it!

Goodness gracious, this planet simply screams for some—Je ne sais quoi—in the way of decor! Still, in some ways, it's a veritable Shangri-La! Take my hand, Bar-Stool . . . I'm a stranger in paradise . . .

Beedee! Tweet!

TRANSLATION: As if I don't have enough problems, now I'm stuck with a fag robot!



Bar-Stool, we seem to be lost! Oh, dear . . . look what's coming! Fiendish creatures about to tear us limb from limb and commit unspeakable acts of cruelty upon us . . . !

Follow the yellow sand road! Follow the yellow sand road! Follow . . . follow . . . follow . . . follow . . . Follow the yellow sand road!

Beep! Zit! Gack!

TRANSLATION: And then again . . . there's an outside chance they may be Space Munchkins!



Hi, strangers! I'm Lube Sky-stalker! I'm a senior at Buffoon Tech, where I major in Incredible Space Heroics!

Gracious, there couldn't be any money in THAT field!

You're telling me! That's why I'm minoring in Space Accounting! Hey, anyone ever tell you you look like an "Oscar"???

Take a good look! With your performance in this film, it's as close as you'll ever get to an Academy Award!



We need help! It's our Princess! She's in terrible trouble! I'm now going to press a button on my companion here, and an image will appear with a message that may mean life or death for the entire universe! Here goes...

Welcome to "Hollywood Squares"!

Whoops! Wrong button! Don't tell me you get THAT thing up here too!

Yep! There's no way you can keep it out!

Ah, here's the Princess now!

Save me, Oldie Von Moldie . . . wherever you are! You are my only hope! Otherwise, millions of people will be wiped out in a holocaust, the likes of which civilization has never seen!

Is that her whole bit? Just that?

No, actually she closes with a saxophone solo that'll blow your mind! But you get the idea! Lube, you must help us find Oldie Von Moldie!

Hop in my space car!



Look! There's Oldie Von Moldie! Many years ago, my Father and he were Military Pilots together! Now, he's 97 . . . he can hardly see . . . and his hands shake terribly!

What does he do now?

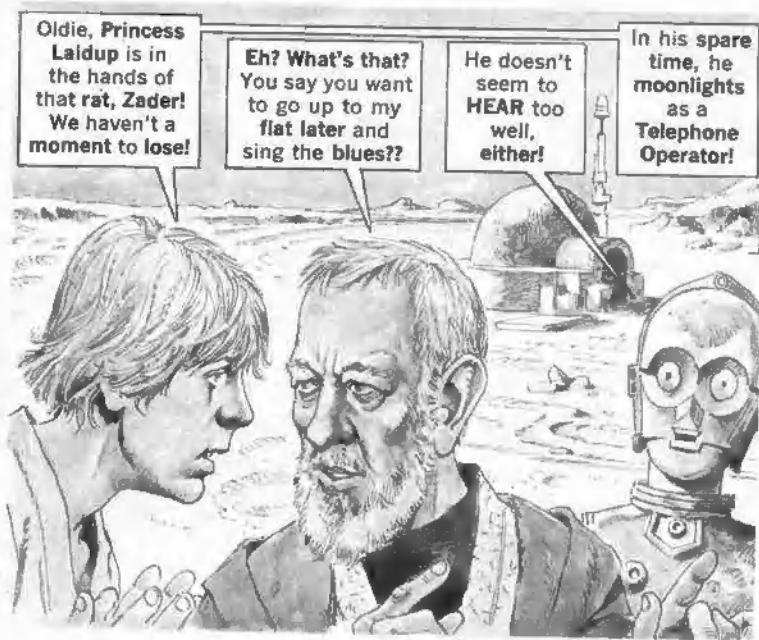
What else? He's a Commercial Airlines Pilot!

Oldie, Princess Laidup is in the hands of that rat, Zader! We haven't a moment to lose!

Eh? What's that? You say you want to go up to my flat later and sing the blues??

He doesn't seem to HEAR too well, either!

In his spare time, he moonlights as a Telephone Operator!



Very well, Lube! We will go into town, find us a space ship and rescue Princess Laidup!

But first, I must teach you about the Force . . .

The Force? what's that?!!

It is a Power that is all around us! It is everywhere at all times! It knows all and sees all! It is eternal!

They have something like that on Earth! It's called "The Internal Revenue Service"!!

Hold it! Let me see your I.D.!

He doesn't have to show you his I.D.!

He doesn't have to show me his I.D.!

He can go about his business!

Gee, Oldie, how did you do that?

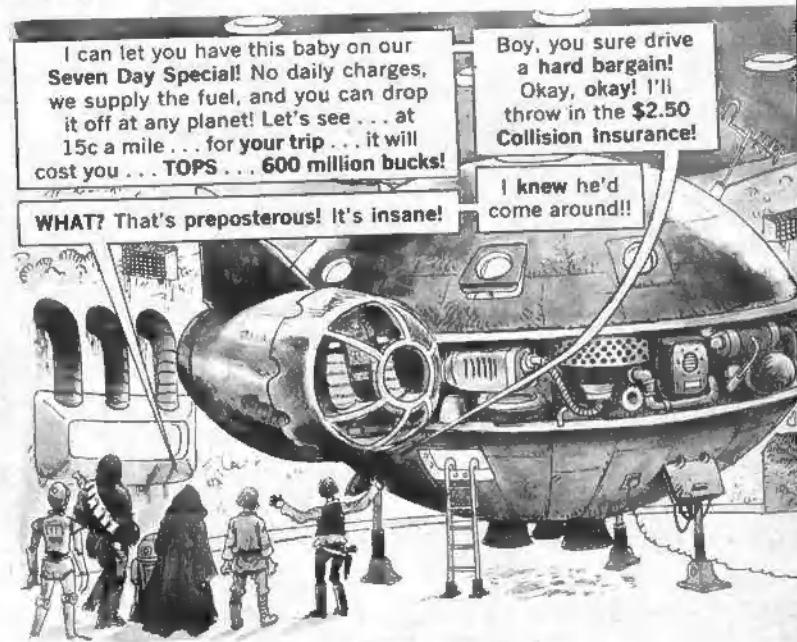
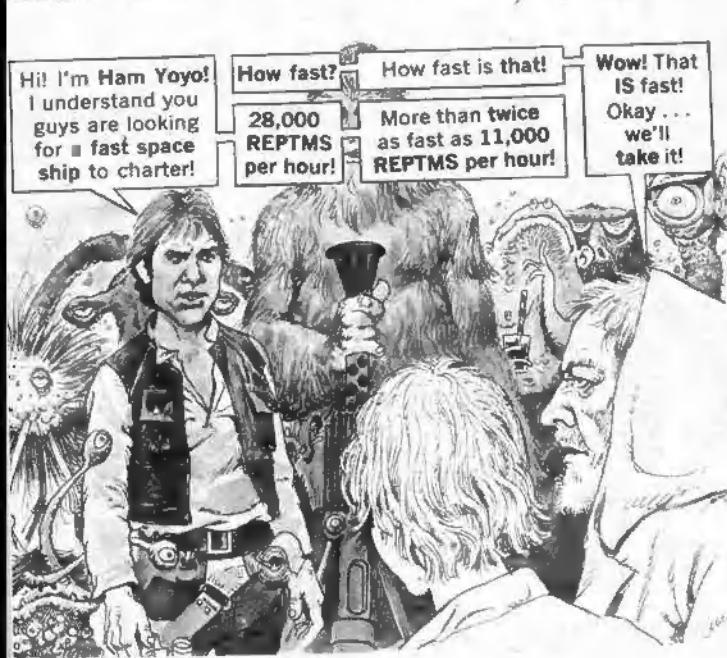
The Force gives you power over weak minds!

The Force gives me power over weak minds!

All right! Drive on!

All right! Drive on!





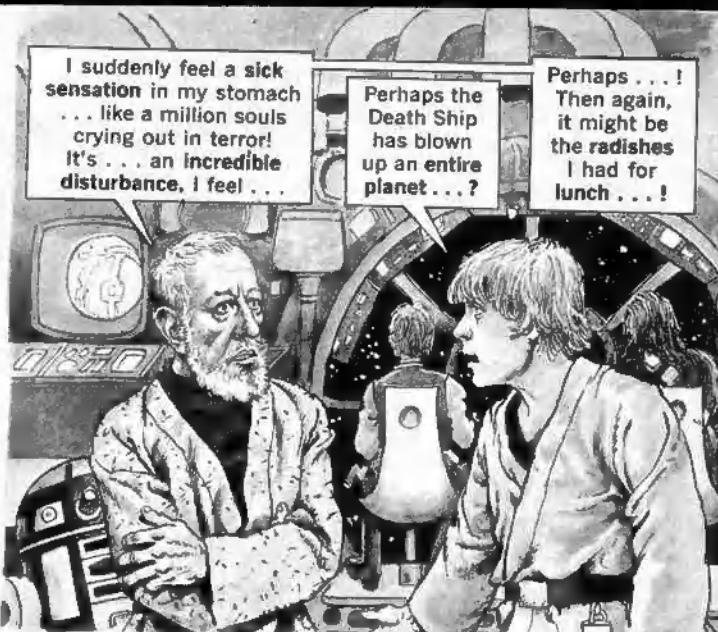
Princess Laidup, you are a prisoner aboard the most advanced space ship in history! It has fire power strong enough to wipe out any planet! It has speed enough to wipe out any enemy! And it has a Symphony Orchestra loud enough to wipe out any audience! Now watch as we destroy that planet ahead!

Excuse me, but I'm from the Electric Company . . . and before you wipe out any more planets, you'll have to pay your bill! You owe us \$4 million in back payments, and that's just for YESTERDAY!!

I suddenly feel a sick sensation in my stomach . . . like a million souls crying out in terror! It's . . . an incredible disturbance, I feel . . .

Perhaps the Death Ship has blown up an entire planet . . . ?

Perhaps . . . ! Then again, it might be the radishes I had for lunch . . . !



Look! It's the evil Galactic Empire Death Ship Space Station . . . straight ahead of us!

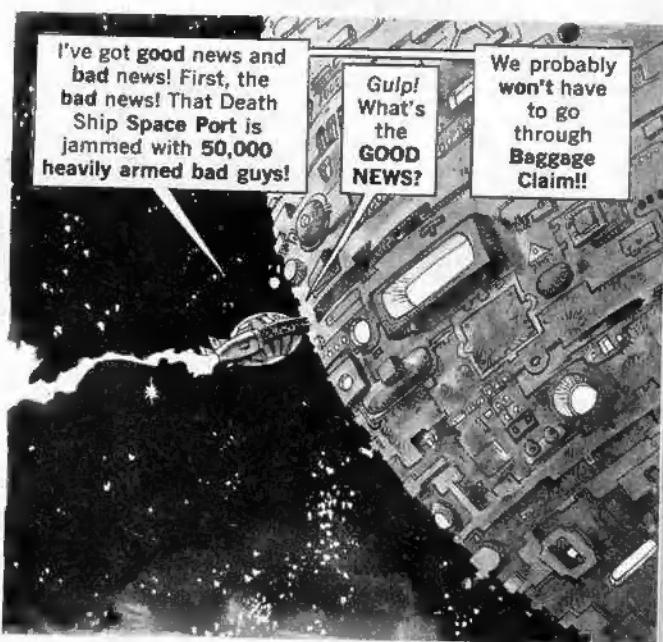
Let's get out of here!

We can't! We've lost control! We're being drawn toward it! They have their X-5-G Nuclear Hoover-Matic on "Full Suck"!!

I've got good news and bad news! First, the bad news! That Death Ship Space Port is jammed with 50,000 heavily armed bad guys!

Gulp! What's the GOOD NEWS?

We probably won't have to go through Baggage Claim!!



Remember, lads, try to act nonchalant!

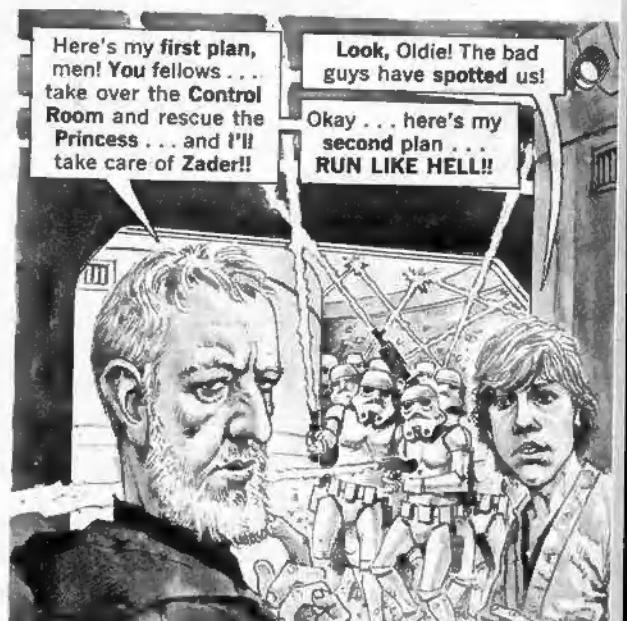
Anybody come by your post, Zargg?

Yeah! A party of six! Two guys, a 97-year-old man, a couple of robots, and a 14-foot ape!

Okay . . . but if you see anything UNUSUAL, let me know!

Look, Oldie! The bad guys have spotted us!

Okay . . . here's my second plan . . . RUN LIKE HELL!!



Your Highness, I'm Lube Skystalker! I'm majoring in "Incredible Space Heroics" at Buffoon Tech! As my Term Project, I decided to organize an army, find a convenient space ship, rescue you, and fly you six billion miles to safety on the planet, Draide!!

This is madness! You know what happens if you fail!!

Don't even mention it! God . . . who wants to be a Space Accountant!

And what is your reason for doing it, Mr. Yoyo . . . ?

Then I will see to it that you get plenty! I will give you \$20 million!

Princess, I'm doing it for the money!!

Wow! Just think of what I can buy with \$20 million!

Well, if you go to Earth, you can buy ■ pound of Coffee for \$20 million! This ■ 1999, you know . . . !



What fantastic luck! Who arranged for you to carry a handy rope on your belt with a hook that happens to fit over that projection so we can swing over this bottomless pit?

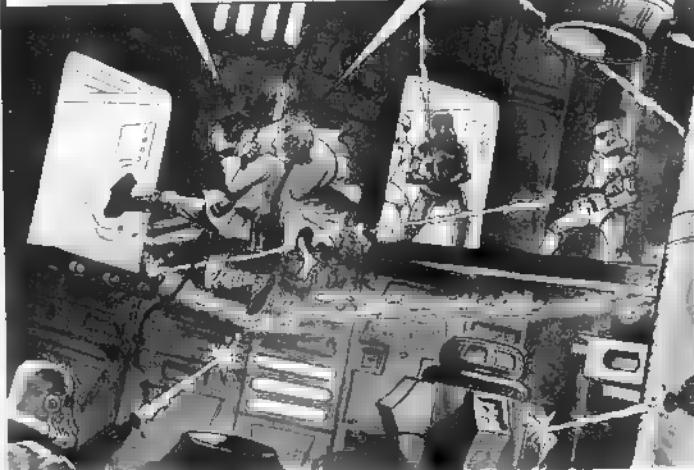
Probably the same clever guy who saw to it that 500 sharpshooters could fire at us and miss from ■ distance of ten feet!

What's happening? Where are we? The walls are starting to close in!!

Great!! We're not only in the world's largest Space Station . . . we're also in the world's largest Trash Compactor!

Well, at least they won't find us here!

And if they DO find us, they won't recognize us! They'll be looking for FULL-SIZED people!!



So, Zader! We meet again! Prepare your Light Ray Sword for a duel to the death! I shall triumph because I have The Force!

Get ready to die, you black-hearted villain!!

Good lord! My light ray has gone out!!

How ironic! Betrayed by ■ lack of faith in The Force . . .

... and a ridiculously short . . . gasp . . . extension cord!



Well . . . you did it! You rescued me, you beat up on the bad guys, and now you are about to receive a hero's welcome here on Draidel!

Hello, people of Draidel . . . !

Terrible news, your Highness! Zader is boiling mad, and now he's about to destroy the whole universe! We need a courageous pilot to save us!

Lube, I have a favor to ask you . . .

Goodbye, people of Draidel!

The enemy is breaking through our defenses,

Sir! They're using small one-man ships! We never planned on being attacked by anything that small!

I can't believe it! We build the most advanced space ship in history, and nobody thought about putting SCREENS on the windows!!!

Remember, I am with you, Lube!

I know that, Oldie!

Do you feel my presence!

More than that, I feel your weight!

So will you please get off my space ship! It's only built for one . . . and you're going to make me crash!

Besides, time is running out! We must penetrate their defenses, enter the target shaft, and fire on the exact spot that will start a chain reaction!

But how will you know where that exact spot is?

It's a one in a billion chance!!

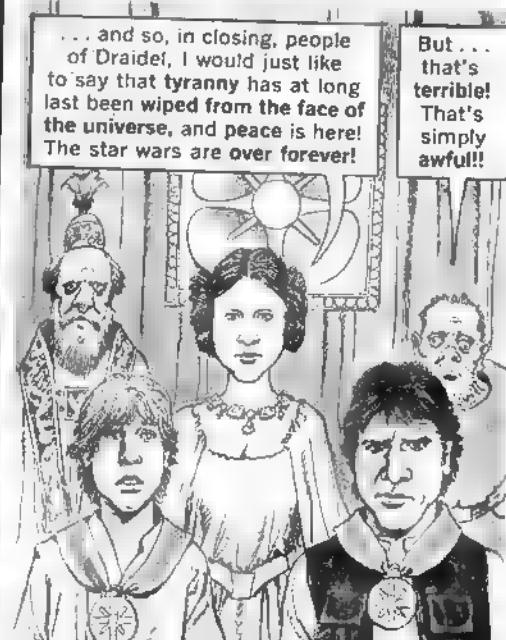
Wait a minute . . . !! That may JUST be it!!

KER-
... and so, in closing, people of Draidel, I would just like to say that tyranny has at long last been wiped from the face of the universe, and peace is here! The star wars are over forever!

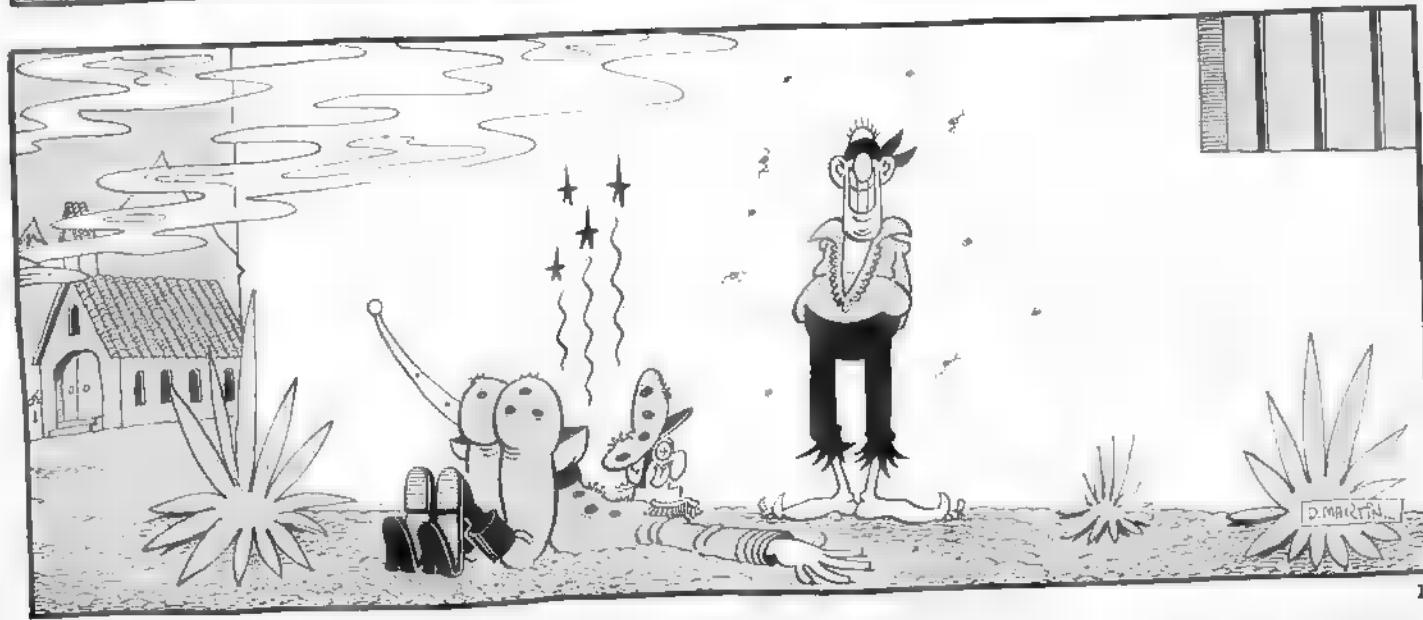
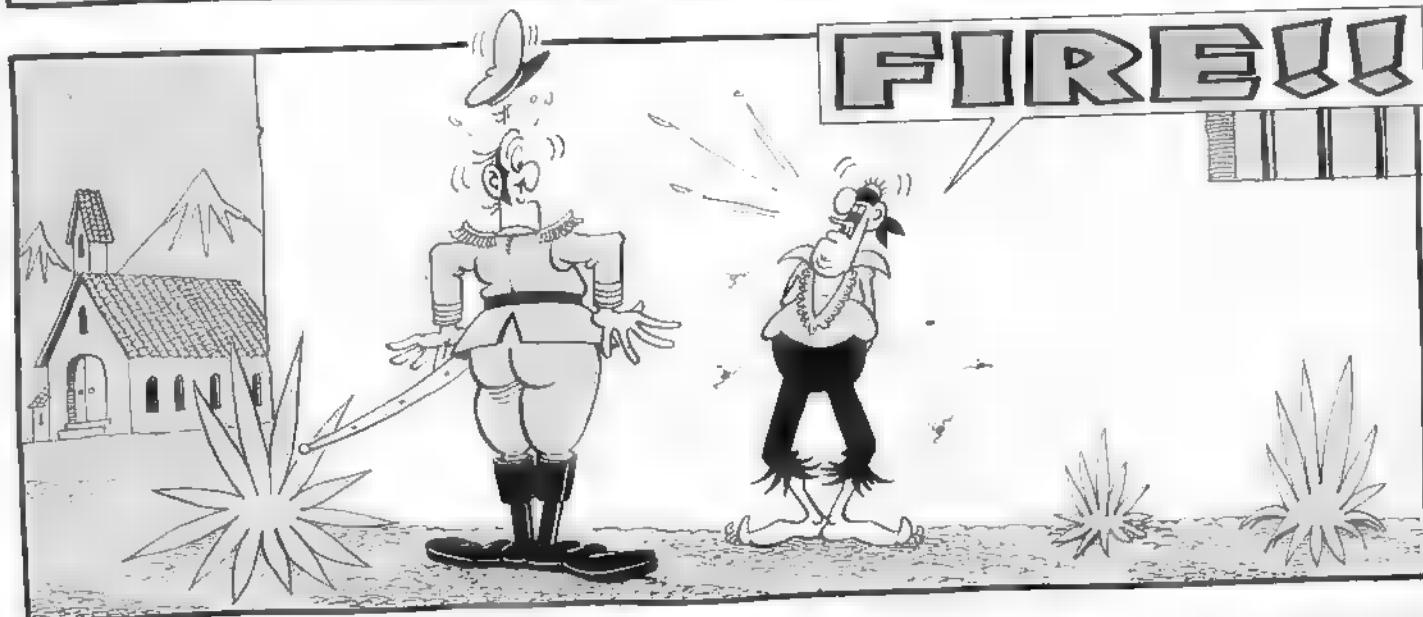
But . . . that's terrible! That's simply awful!!!

Now that we've made the universe safe, we've opened it up for the tourists!!

BOOM

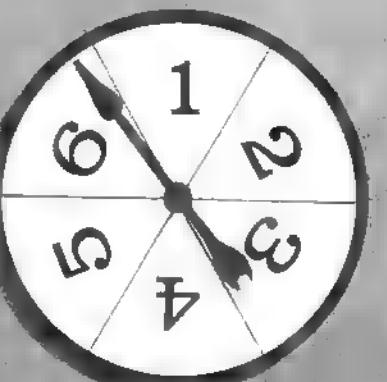


EARLY ONE MORNING IN SOUTH AMERICA



HOSPITAL RULES

1. Object of game is to get out of Hospital quicker than anyone else. This can be done by (a) reaching "Home"; or (b) being forced "Out of Game" because of medical bungling or incompetence or both.
2. If all players fail to complete game, the "Least Loser" is player who leaves Hospital last. There is no "Winner" when you play Hospital.
3. Player with lowest tolerance for suffering goes first. If all players suffer equally, then player with most self-destructive habits goes first.
4. Each player spins pointer on "Spinner" and then he



TAKING ANOTHER TACT DEPT.

There's an old adage that goes: "It's not what you say, it's the way that you say it!" Now, what exactly does that mean? A show of hands, please! Nobody? Well, it means that you don't just blurt out bad news to people, you use "diplomacy." Now, what exactly is diplomacy? Still no hands? Well, diplomacy is the art of making someone feel good about what you say when he should feel rotten . . . or saying something in such a way that a person doesn't even realize you said it. Got it . . . ? No? Well, you'll get the idea from the following examples of

MAD IN EVERY

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

THE WRONG WAY...



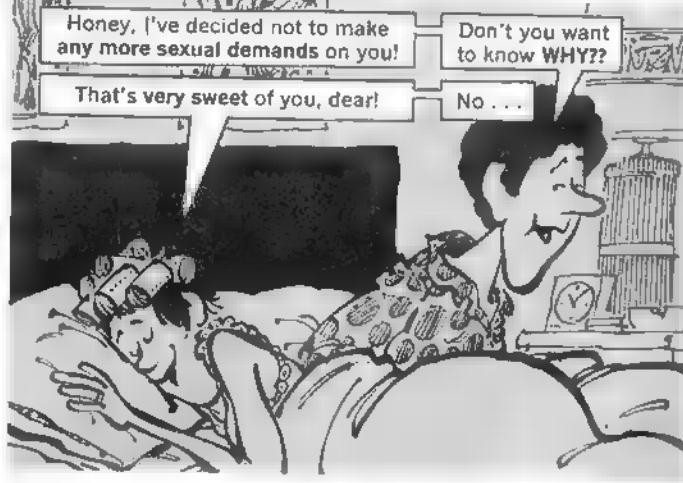
THE RIGHT WAY...



THE WRONG WAY...



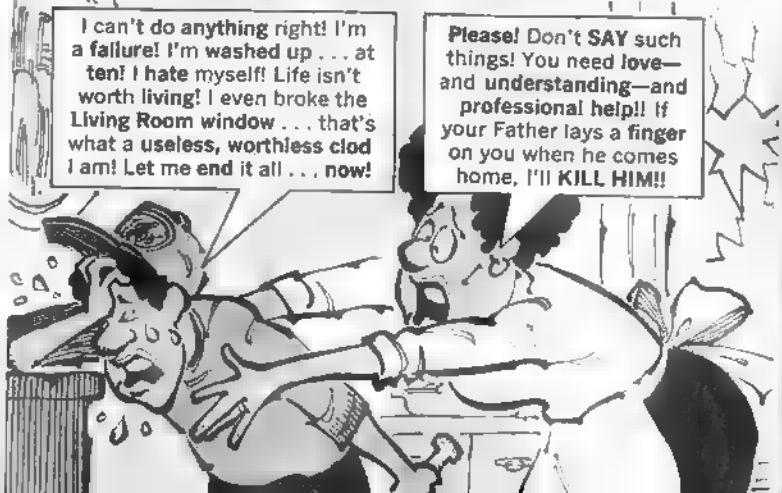
THE RIGHT WAY...



THE WRONG WAY...



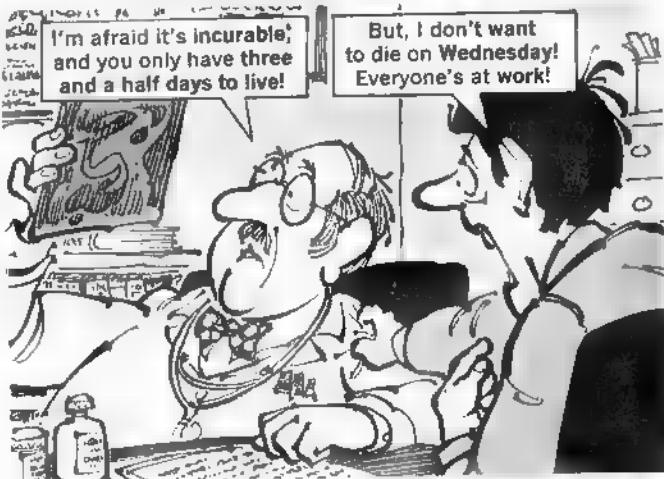
THE RIGHT WAY...



DIPLOMACY DAY LIFE SITUATIONS

WRITER: STAN HART

THE WRONG WAY...



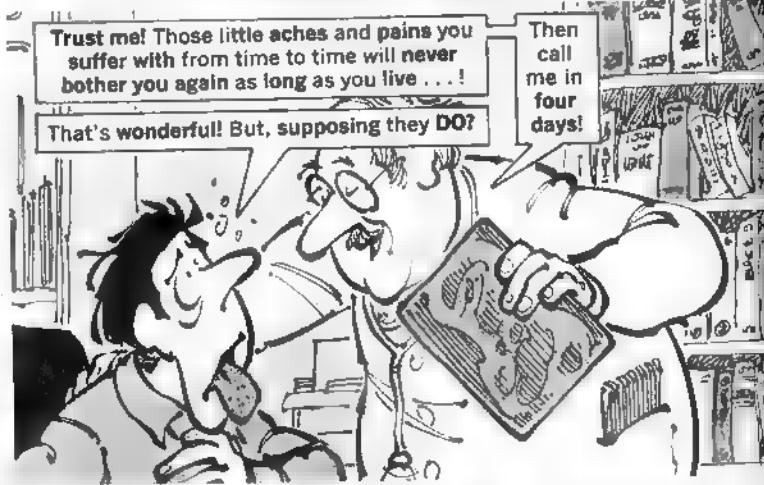
THE WRONG WAY...



THE WRONG WAY...



THE RIGHT WAY...



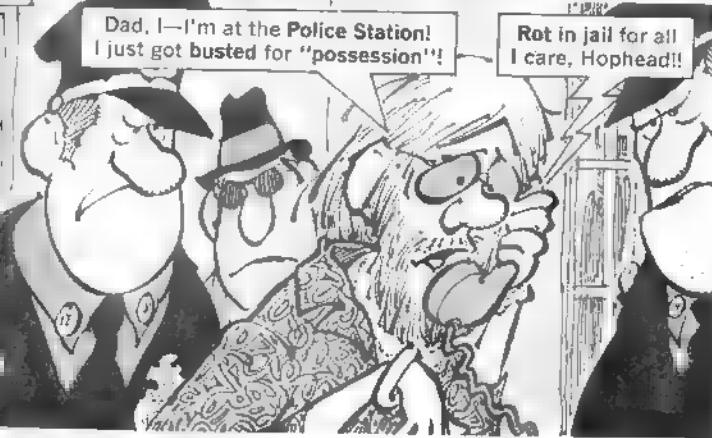
THE RIGHT WAY...



THE RIGHT WAY...



THE WRONG WAY...



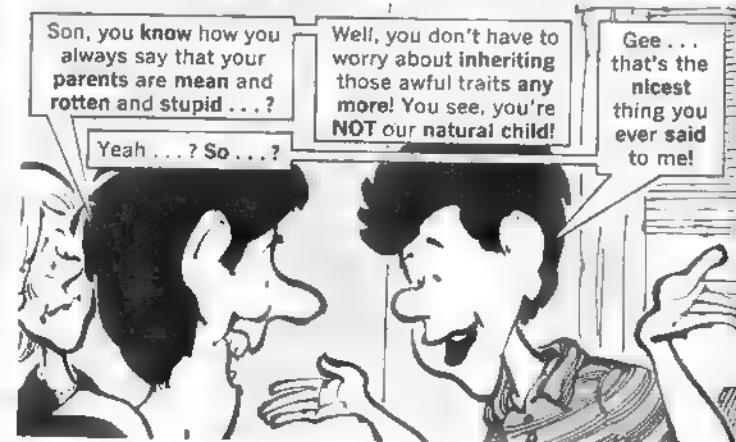
THE RIGHT WAY...



THE WRONG WAY...



THE RIGHT WAY...



THE WRONG WAY...



THE RIGHT WAY...



THE WRONG WAY...



THE RIGHT WAY...



STAR CHORES DEPT.

If any of you have ever been dumb enough to write a fan letter to a celebrity, you know the standard procedure. After a couple of months, if you're lucky, you might receive an answer . . . which is usually a form letter something like this:

From The Desk of LEE MARVIN

Dear Eugene:

It was great hearing from you. I didn't know I had so many fans in Pittsfield, Massachusetts

No matter how much fan mail I get, I always try to answer each and every one. Because I figure that the people "out there" are what's really important.

When you're in the Hollywood area, why don't you drop by and say, "Hi!"...and If I'm not too busy, I'll say "Hi!" right back. Believe me, if it weren't for fans like you, I wouldn't be where I am today.

So thanks for your loyal support, Eugene

Yours truly,

Lee Marvin

Now it's pretty obvious that a secretary or a studio publicity department sends out these impersonal form letters and the celebrity never even sees them. Which brings us to this article. We at MAD think it would be much more interesting . . .

**IF CELEBRITIES
ANSWERED THEIR
OWN FAN MAIL**

WRITER: ARNIE KOGAN

BING CROSBY

780 Gower Street
Los Angeles, California

Bruce Jay Finsterneff
1228 East 31st Street
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Bruce Jay,

Well, well, well! Looky what we have here! A letter from Bruce Jay Finsterneff of Brooklyn, New York! A 13-cent Air Mail job, hand writ to the Old Groaner himself!

Steady, Bruce, while I lie back on my hammock, waft down a little Minute Maid o.j., and—while the little woman and the kids (the new ones) wamp up a mess of heapin' hot breakfast pancakes, Der Bingle is gonna put his John Hancock on some parchment, along with a reply.

Oh... and say! It's a good thing you didn't write to old Slope Nose Hope! I hear his Doctor won't let him read more than 15 minutes a day. It puts a strain on his lips!

Yours Too-ra-loo-ra-ruly,

Bing Crosby

MEL BROOKS

MEL BROOKS PRODUCTIONS
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Sedgwick Taylor
42 Paseo Nuevo Drive
Santa Barbara, Calif.

To One of California's Leading Gentiles.

Hey, you're a sweetheart. I love a good fan letter like I love a good corned beef sandwich on rye. With a cream soda to wash it down, and maybe a nice nectarine. I figure any kid who spills his guts out to a Jewish maniac can't be all bad. Even though you're probably sitting there, wearing a seersucker suit and factory outlet shoes.

You've got a lot of talent, Sedgwick. You're a great writer. Better than Shakespeare! I mean it!! Shakespeare was a terrible writer. Did you ever SEE his handwriting? Shakespeare never crossed his 'T's or dotted his "I's. But, you, Sedgwick, you've got a curve... a flow... a niceness... a roundness to your penmanship. Such a roundness I haven't seen since those twisted pretzels I stole from Feingold's Candy Store on Orchard Street.

So what can I tell you, but... Hey, have a nice life! I love you! I love your penmanship! I love your face! And I hope an ex-Nazi Storm Trooper never dances across your Sister-In-Law!

Mel Brooks

P.S. Under separate cover, I am sending you a ton of halvah... would you believe, from Zabar's!

ROBERT BLAKE

Universal Studios
Los Angeles, California

Brad Novitsky
2785 Peoria Street
Chicago, Illinois
Hey, Man!

Listen, I ain't no real heavy writer, y'know. But if I don't answer my fan mail, people are gonna think I'm a punk, right? So I'm writin' to you. But let me tell you, Man, there ain't no way I'm gonna send you no autographed picture of myself. It just ain't my scene. And no matter what happens, there ain't nobody gonna change anything. And that's the name of that tune.

I hope we're straight. Later, Robert Blake



JOHNNY CARSON TONIGHT SHOW

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY
300 WEST ALAMEDA AVENUE
BURBANK, CALIFORNIA 91523

Mr. Myron Floss
2300 N.W. 47th Terrace
Fort Lauderdale, Fla.

Dear Myron,

Getting a fan letter from you was the third greatest thrill of my life. The first was wresting a 250 pound Viking nude in a field of cactus. The second was playing hand grenade volleyball. As you can see, Myron, I was really pleased to get your letter. In the words of the Great Carnack, "May the waters of the Holy River Ganges back up into your Sister's panty hose!"

Hi-yoooooh!

Besides everything else, your letter was dull. How dull was it?? Well, let me put it this way! I showed your letter to Tommy Newsom, and he fell asleep.

But I really shouldn't complain about your letter. At least it was complimentary. Some of the mail I get is... how shall I say it? Rough! It's from the kind of people that would go into the Arthritic Ward of an Old Age Home and shortsheet the beds. I mean... that's rough! A lot of nasty mail I get is from fans. But most of it is from ex-wives!

May I say in conclusion... you're quite unusual, Myron. You're one of the few people left who's never hosted the Tonight Show.

Sincerely yours,

Johnny Carson

GERALD FORD

Palm Springs, CA.

Miss Valerie Drenf
98 North Laurel St.
Utica, New York

Dear Miss Drenf,

Thank you for your nice note.
At the end of a busy day, if I
pick up pen and ink and a
few that have

your continued support and confidence
in the days and years ahead.

Very truly yours,
Gerald R. Ford

REX REED

One West Seventy-First Street
New York City, New York 10023

Sheila Flivley
21 Boston Street
Cincinnati, Utah

Dear Sheila:-

Your letter missed by a mile! It was one of the ten worst letters I've read this year! It was at times so hackneyed, so boring, so heavy-handed, so cumbersome, so totally lacking in originality that I walked out in the middle of it. (Which was difficult, since I was reading it on a flight from LA to NY!)

It's just barely possible that this low-budget letter (The 8" x 11 1/2" 3-holed looseleaf paper was a dead giveaway!) could have been a mildly amusing, free-wheeling comedy piece (The opening paragraph requesting a lock of my underarm hair showed wit and promise!), but sadly, your letter emerged as a tired, trite, dreary excursion into dullsville!

Better luck next time out!

Very truly yours,

Rex Reed

RALPH NADER

P.O. BOX 19367
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20036

Maurice Kolodny
2855 Ethel Avenue
Bronx, New York

Dear Maurice:

Thank you for your fan letter, but I am returning it because:

- (A) The paper does not fit the standards and specifications necessary to pass the Stationery Thickness Code.
- (B) It falls under the classification of "Junk Mail", concerning which I presently have three bills pending before the Congress of the U.S.
- (C) It is unsafe. While opening it, I got a severe paper cut.
- (D) The gum seal on the envelope that you licked may have contained traces of a cancer causing chemical: vinyl tetrachloride hydroxide, an ingredient that is currently being investigated by the Consumer Product Safety Commission. We will send you the results of their tests as soon as we receive them (if you are still alive).

Please feel free to write to me again...but on different stationery..

Sincerely yours,

Ralph Nader

From The Desk Of DON RICKLES

To: A Hockey Puck Somewhere North of Texas

Dear Hockey,

Who do you think you are, Edgar Allan Poe? Well, you're not! You write more like Baby Huey. In fact, you probably look like him!

Well, you know what, Huey? I tore your letter up! That's right, Fish Head! I tore it up!

I mean, where does it say "Putz from Panhandle Writes To Big-Time Star"!? So do me a favor-- Sit on a rocket and do twirls!

But I kid you. We are all Americans. You're a farmer from Oklahoma, and I'm a comedian from the streets of New York. And I say from the bottom of my heart... "We Don't Like You!"

In conclusion, what can I say except... I'm really a "nice guy". God bless you.

Respectfully yours,

Don Rickles

P.S. I don't ever want to hear from you again, understand!??



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

WVA

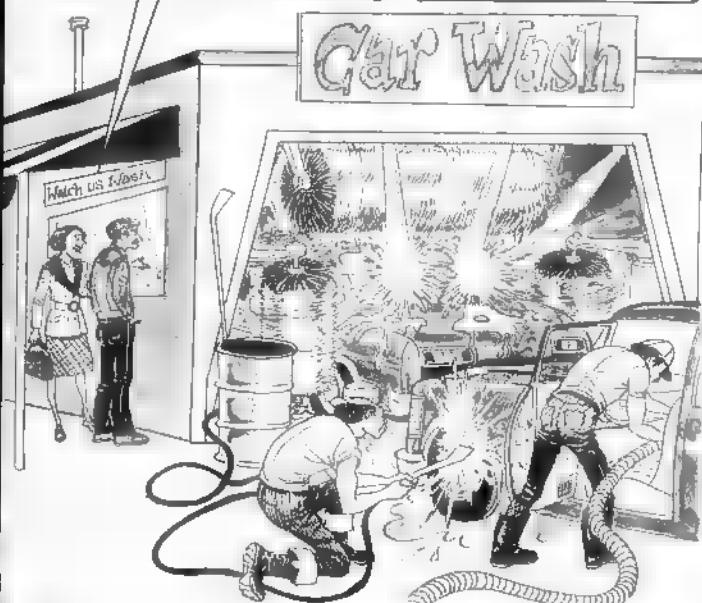
Admit it! Isn't this better than spending a whole Saturday afternoon washing and waxing the car like you planned . . . ?

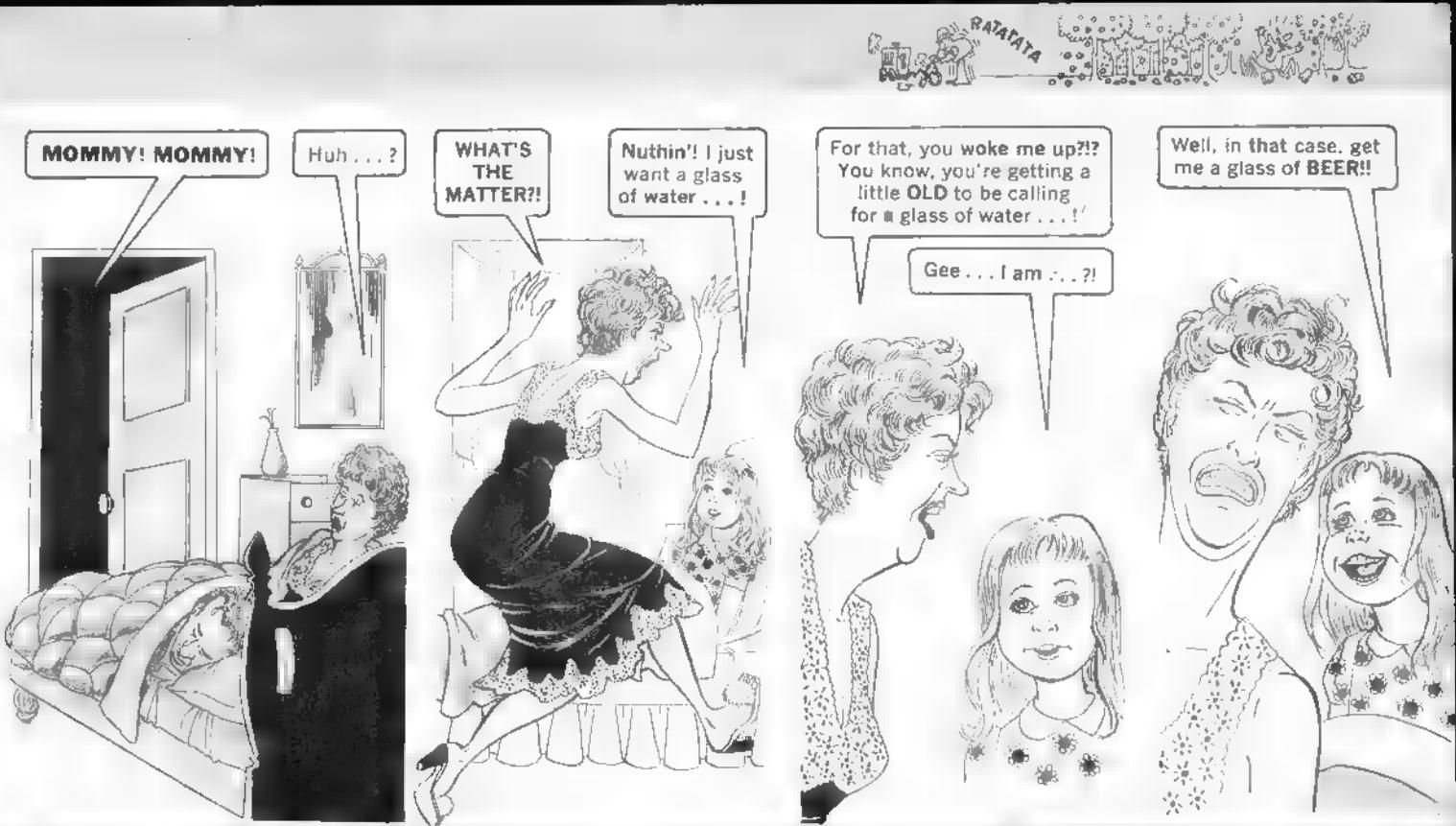
Here at this Car Wash, it's done by automated machines and a team of professional car-washers!

And all it takes is five minutes and a couple of bucks! Aren't you glad I talked you into it?!

Oh . . . I suppose so . . .

. . . but now what am I gonna do with the rest of the afternoon?!

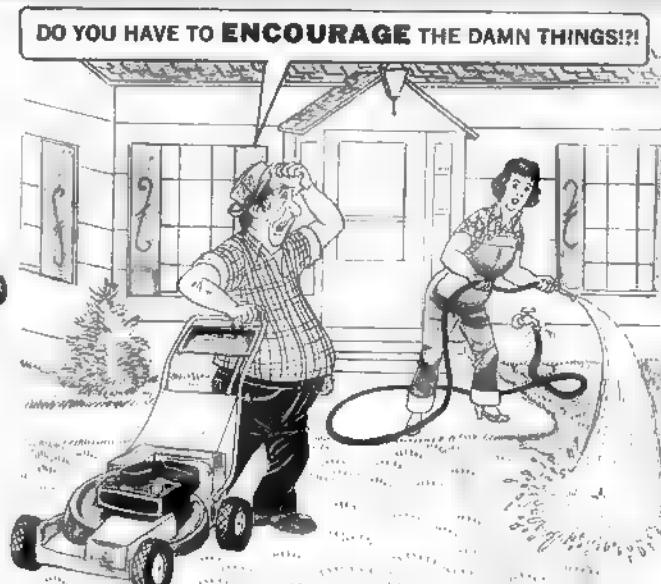


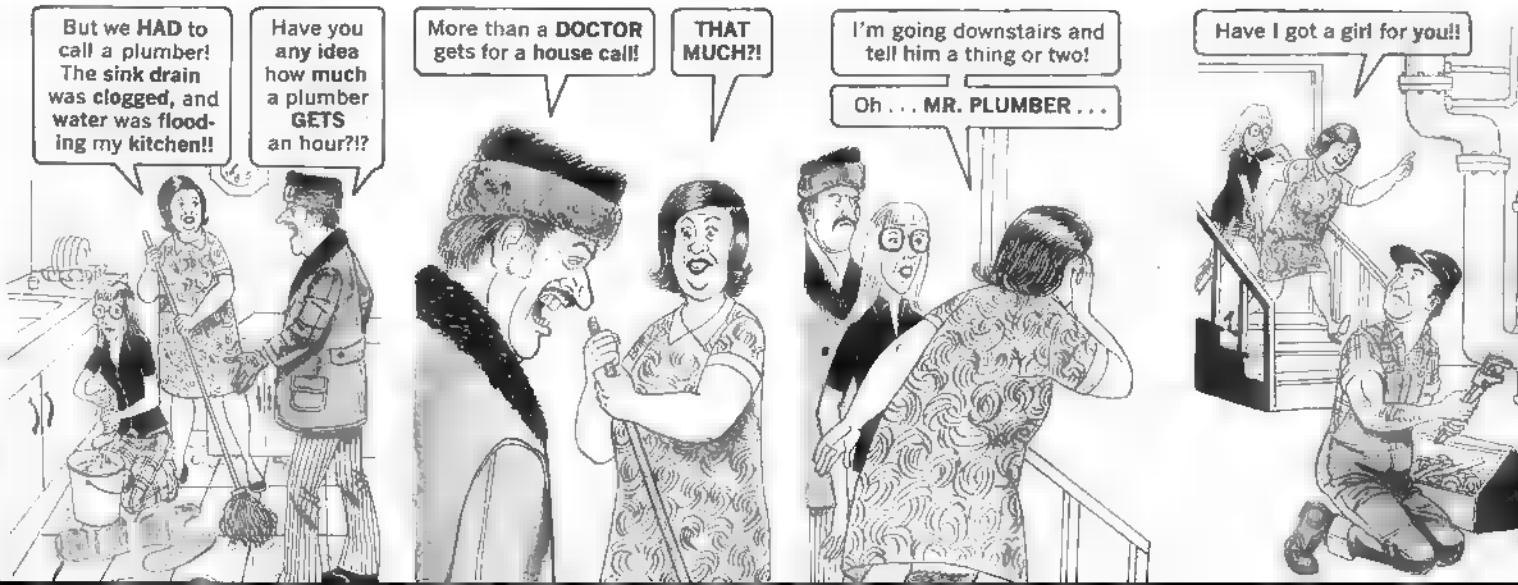
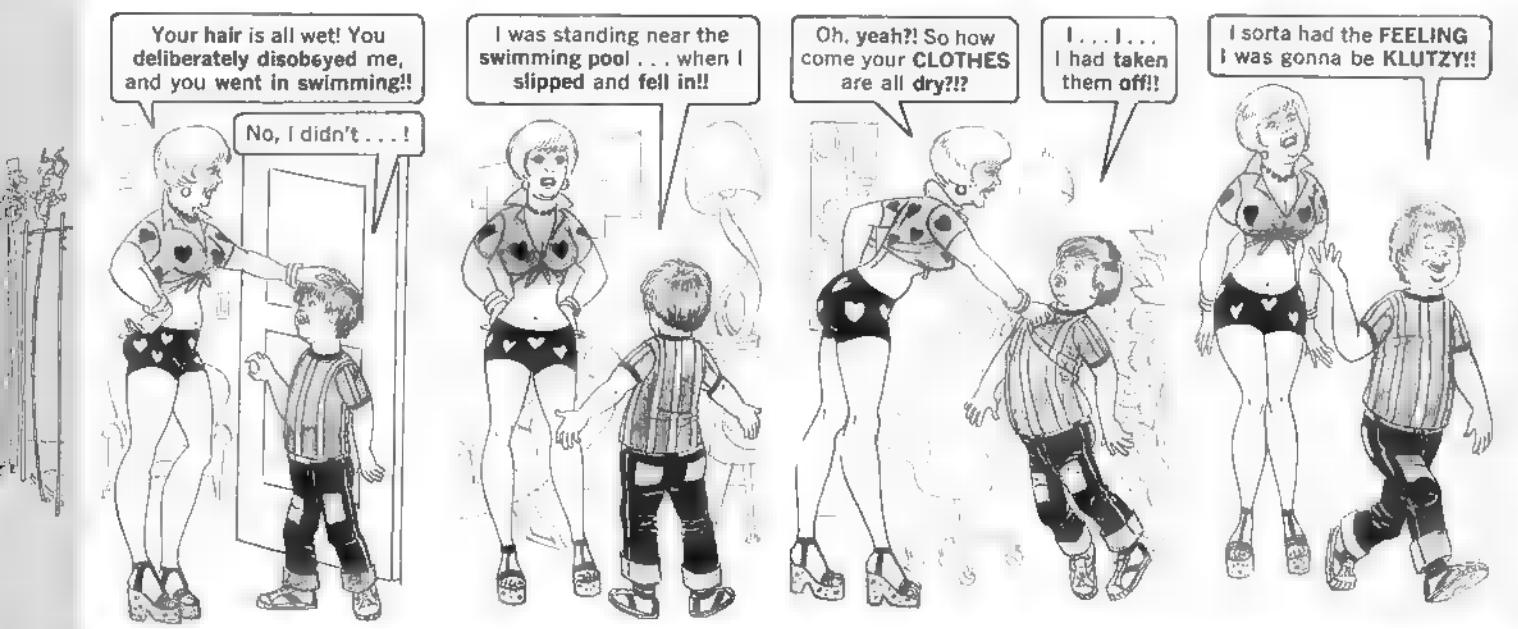


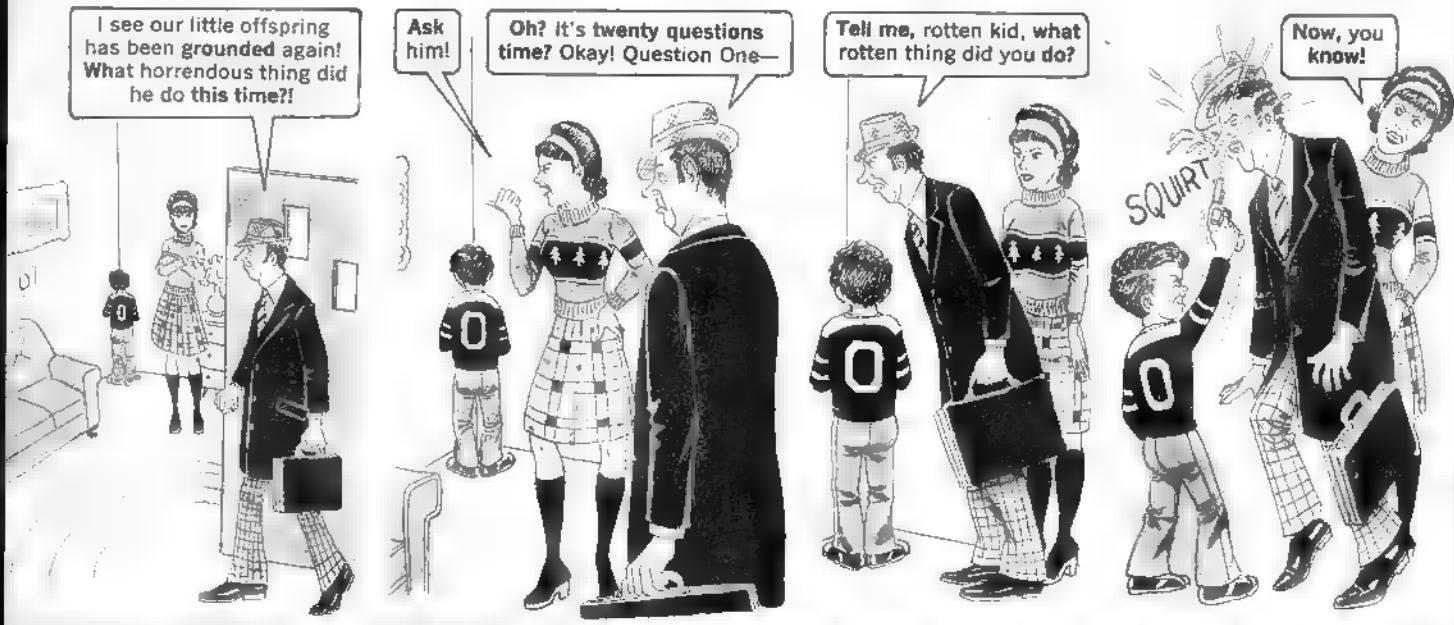
TEER

WRITER & ARTIST:
DAVID BERG



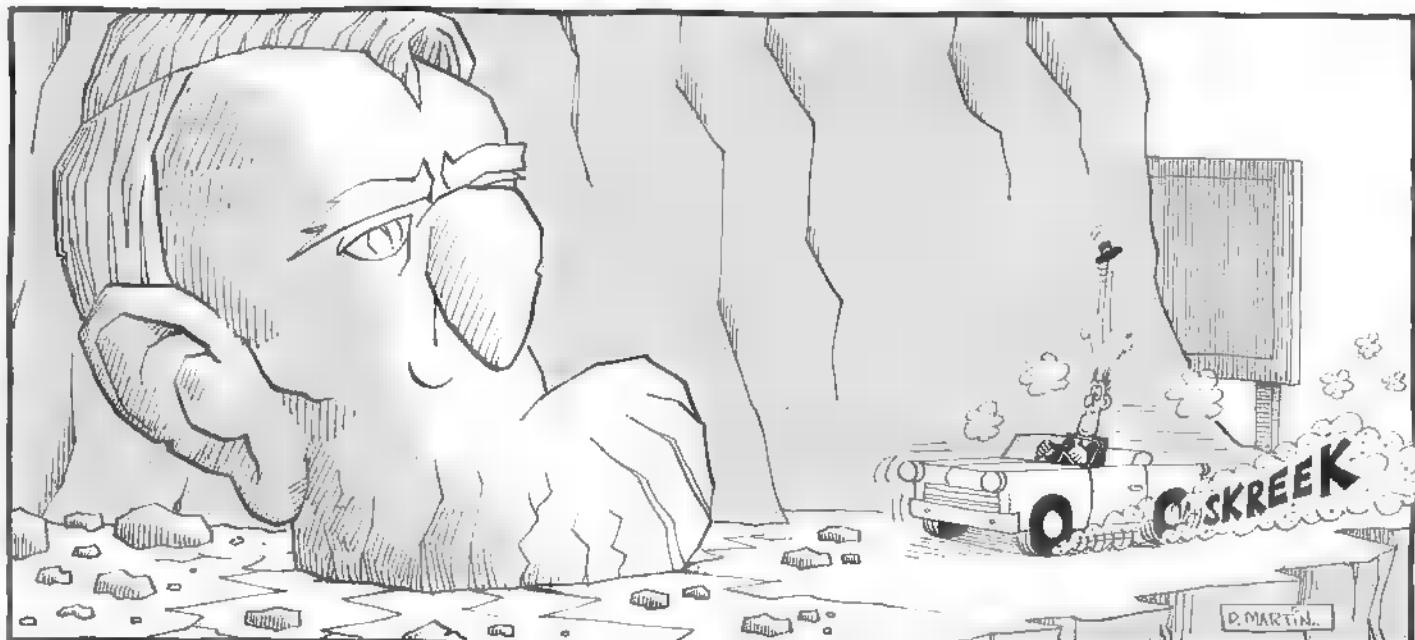
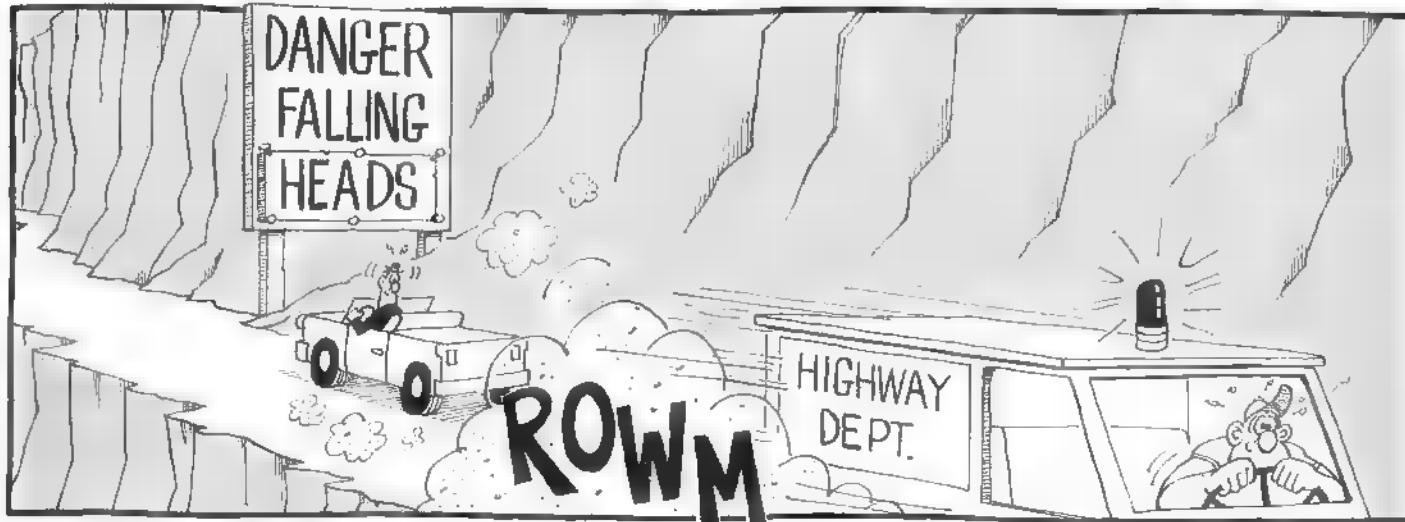
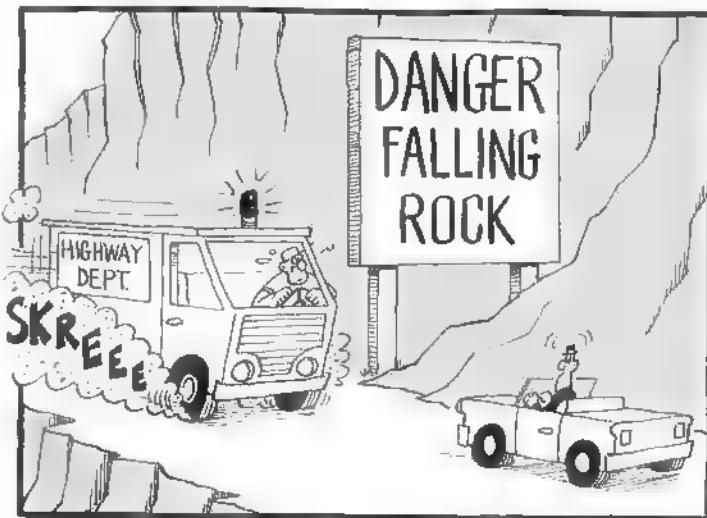






DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

LATE ONE AFTERNOON IN SOUTH DAKOTA



D. MARTIN.

CIVILIZED SERVANTS DEPT.

Every week, we read about another city where the Sanitation Men are striking, or the Firemen are calling in sick, or the Policemen are engaged in

a slow-down. As MAD sees it, Public Services are monopolies with no competition. And, as MAD also sees it, the answer is to let Public Services be

IF PUBLIC SERVI LIKE PRIVATE

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

SANITATION

WE'RE SPECIALISTS! WE HAVE TO DO BETTER!

Each Member Of The Hockenbush Sanitation Team
Is A Skilled Veteran In His Chosen Specialty!

MAURICE



COFFEE GROUNDS
and
ORANGE PEELS

PAUL



CINDERS
and
ASHES

LEON



BONES
and
CARCASSES

MALCOLM



GREASE
and
CHICKEN FAT

PUT YOUR GARBAGE IN THE HANDS OF EXPERTS
WITH

HOCKENBUSH

"The Sanitation Specialists"

PHONE 555-3219 FOR A FREE CONSULTATION AND ESTIMATE

Q. What's got orange peels, mouldy bread and flies?
A. The garbage truck of GROVER (CUT RATE) FEEGUS!

HE'S SMELLY... BUT HE'S CHEAP!

555-1237



run as Private Enterprises so clods like us could have more than one to choose from. ■ Garbagemen and the like had competition, they would have to

do a better job to make a profit and stay in business. The only trouble is, we would then be picking up our newspapers and seeing ads like these...

CES WERE RUN ENTERPRISE

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

DEPARTMENTS

WHEN YOU'RE ASHAMED OF YOUR GARBAGE...

Call

GROGAN & SON

"The Discreet Dumpers"

We know how embarrassed you'd be if your neighbors found out from your garbage that you've been eating cheap chuck roasts instead of sirloins. That's why we tiptoe up your driveway between 3 and 5 in the morning, when no one's around to point fingers at those TV-Dinner cartons, empty hash tins and other cheap junk you wouldn't dare let anyone know about!

CALL US AT 555-3689 FOR A CONFIDENTIAL ESTIMATE



WASTE? REFUSE? SWILL? TRASH?

No Matter What You
Call It, It's Still

GARBAGE



And it smells! And so do my clothes and my truck! And if you get within 20 feet of me, you'll pass out from the stench! But I'm not asking you to invite me to a tea party! All I want is to pick up your garbage! Only twenty bucks a month, and you can mail the money so you don't have to come near me!

LESTER "MR. GARBAGE" DUNG • 555-3296

PICKING UP GARBAGE IS MORE THAN JUST A JOB—

IT'S THE LOVE OF MY LIFE!

I love picking up a packed smelly can! I love taking off the lid and dumping the icky stuff jammed inside it! I love the potato peels and egg shells and slamming the can against the truck in order to knock loose all that gunk stuff that's stuck to the bottom of the can! I love garbage, and you'll love ME when you take advantage of my

**THREE-MONTH
TRIAL SERVICE**

that I'm offering this week for only a few pennies a day!

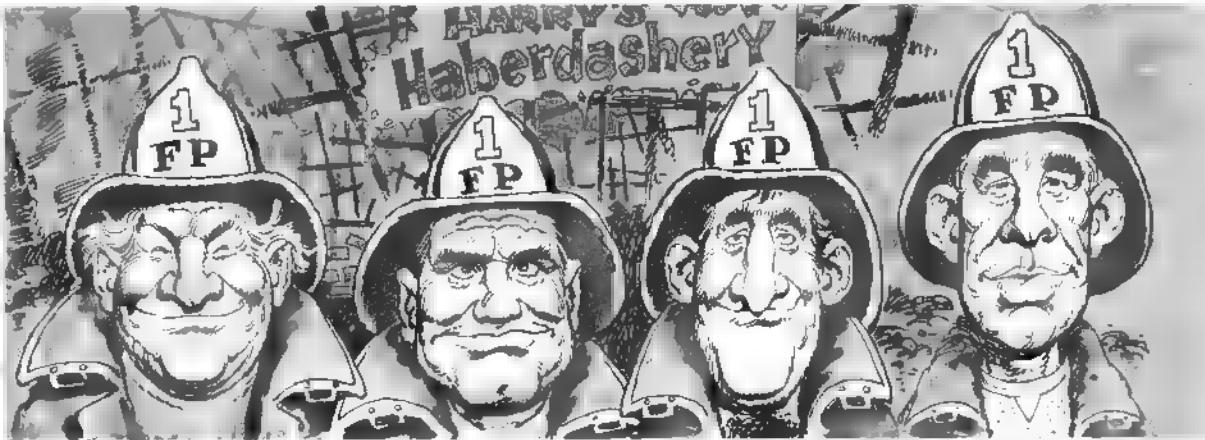
**ELMO'S
SANITATION SERVICE**



"I care about your garbage!" 555-3962

FIRE DEPARTMENTS

DIRECT FROM THE 4-ALARM HOLOCAUST AT HARRY'S HABERDASHERY FEARLESS PHIL AND HIS FIRE FIGHTERS



CHARLIE
SIMPSON
on the
Main Pumper

SID "Big Walt"
McCHESNEY
on the
Hook-And-Ladder

HANK
FRISBEE
on the
No. 1 Nozzle

And Introducing
YANCEY CLANCY
at the
Hydrant

ENTIRE PRODUCTION SUPERVISED BY FEARLESS PHIL FINK

CHOICE DATES STILL AVAILABLE—CALL 555-3901

From The Safety Of
His Chief's Car

BEFORE YOU CALL A FIRE DEPARTMENT COMPARE OUR PRICES!

Two-Story House	\$249
One-Story House	\$199
Garage	\$119
Garage With Car	\$149
Child Locked In Bathroom	\$29
Cat Stuck In Tree	\$19

FOR A LIMITED TIME ONLY

Our Blue-Ribbon 4-Alarm Special **\$229**
Any Split-Level Blazing Inferno

ASK ABOUT OUR SPECIAL RATES FOR BURNING STORES,
DUPLEXES, APARTMENT BUILDINGS & SHOPPING CENTERS

**MANNY'S DISCOUNT
FIRE DEPARTMENT**

"SUSPICIOUS FIRES" ARE OUR SPECIALTY!



We understand about those mysterious blazes
that occur so often in stores and factories
of small businessmen about to go bankrupt.

We understand how important it can be that
Fire Insurance Companies don't discover that
these mysterious blazes aren't "accidental."

We'll never tell about those empty gasoline
cans or the other damning evidence we find
while putting out your fire...after it has
completely destroyed your factory, enabling
you to collect fully from your Insurance Co.

LYLE'S FIRE DEPARTMENT

"The Understanding Ones"

CALL 555-1145 AND ASK FOR LYLE, ED, ■ SID THE TORCH

POLICE DEPARTMENTS

NORBERT'S POLICE DEPARTMENT

The "Everything" Law-Enforcement Agency

NO JOB TOO LARGE, NO CRIME TOO SICKENING, NO SCHEME TOO CLEVER, NO OUTRAGE TOO HORRIBLE!

Gang Wars



Ended Efficiently

Ghetto Riots



Quelled Quickly

Murderers



Collared Courageously

Drug Pushers



Busted Briskly

Hold-Up Men



Disarmed Determinedly

Jaywalkers



Punished Promptly

FEATURING

"WHILE-YOU-WAIT GRILLING"

"ROUND-THE-CLOCK DETECTIVING"

THE CITY'S LARGEST SELECTION
OF TEAR GAS, MACE AND OTHER
EFFECTIVE CROWD DETERRENTS

ASK ABOUT OUR CONVENIENT
ONE STOP FINGER-PRINTING
SERVICE AND FREE PARKING

EVERYTHING UNDER ONE ROOF NORBERT'S

THE "SUPERMARKET" OF POLICE DEPARTMENTS CALL 555-9445

WHAT'S
WRONG,
HARRY?
IS YOUR
BUSINESS
OFF?

NO, BUSINESS IS **GREAT!**
BUT I'M LOSING MONEY
PAYING FOR **POLICE
PROTECTION!** THEY
CHARGE ME FOR
INVESTIGATING EACH
BURGLARY ... EACH
TRUCK HI-JACKING...
EACH PETTY-THEFT!
WHAT CAN I DO...?



DO WHAT I DID, HARRY! SWITCH
TO **CASPER'S POLICE DEPARTMENT!**
ONE LOW MONTHLY FEE COVERS
**BREAK-INS, HOLD-UPS, PARKING
TICKETS... EVERYTHING!** AS THE
PEOPLE AT CASPER'S SAY...



If It Weren't For Glitch Brothers
I'd Still Be Loose On The Streets!

says Convicted Trunk Murderer
Hugo "The Hack" Snidefarthing



"For eight months, I did my thing with a meat-axe—and never got caught! A dozen different police departments scoured the city for me, but not one of 'em got even close! Then, Glitch Brothers, with their ultra-modern methods of detection, were called in and I was nailed in 48 hours!"

GLITCH BROTHERS POLICE DEPARTMENT

BOB, VINCE, WALLY, HERB, DOM ■ RALPH
"We Succeed Where Others Fail!" 555-9800

This Week Only!

YOUR FIRST MUGGING
INVESTIGATED FREE!

When You Hire Us For
Any Major Felony Case



FEENY'S POLICE DEPARTMENT

"Your Friendly Neighborhood
Law Enforcement Agency"

555-9911



C IS FOR THE **CRIMES** THAT WE ARE SOLVING--
A IS FOR **ARRESTS** MADE WITH NO FUSS--
S IS FOR THE **STICK-UPS** THAT WE'RE FOILING--
P IS FOR **POLICE** AS GREAT AS US--
R IS FOR THE **END** OF ALL YOUR TROU-BLES--
R IS FOR OUR **RATES**, SO CHEAP, YOU SEE--
PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER, THEY SPELL CAS! PER--
YOU PAY US JUST ONE LOW, **LOW MONTHLY FEE!**



THE SHAPE OF ZINGS TO COME

A MAD LOOK AT...

MISSHAAPS OF

ARTIST & WRITER:

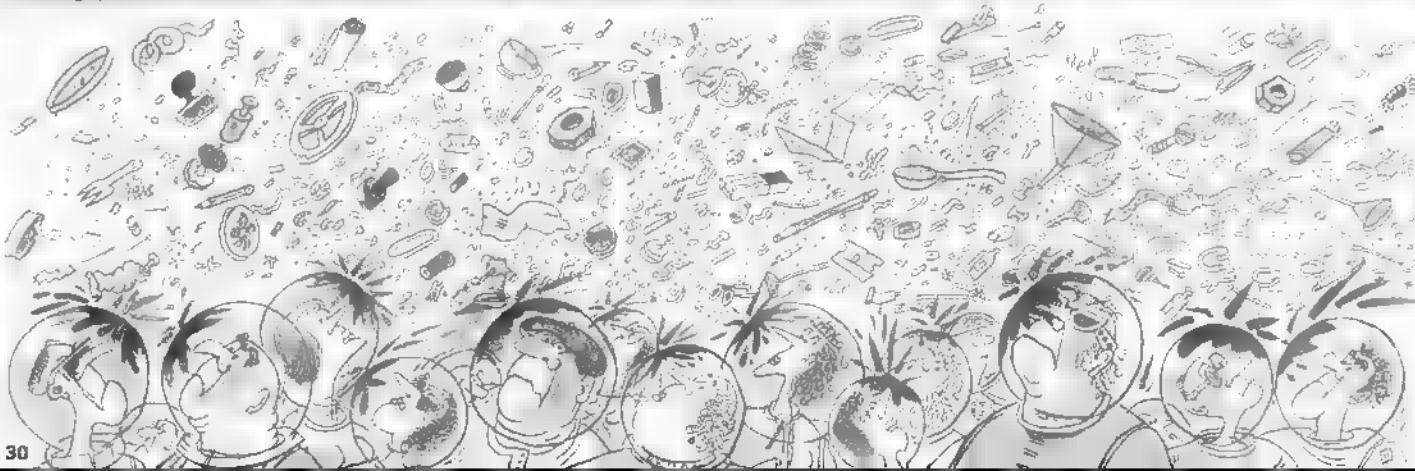
DELAY ON THE 8:36 A.M. PEOPLE-MOVER



LASER BEAM LEAK



OUTER SPACE WASTE-DISPOSAL FALL-OUT

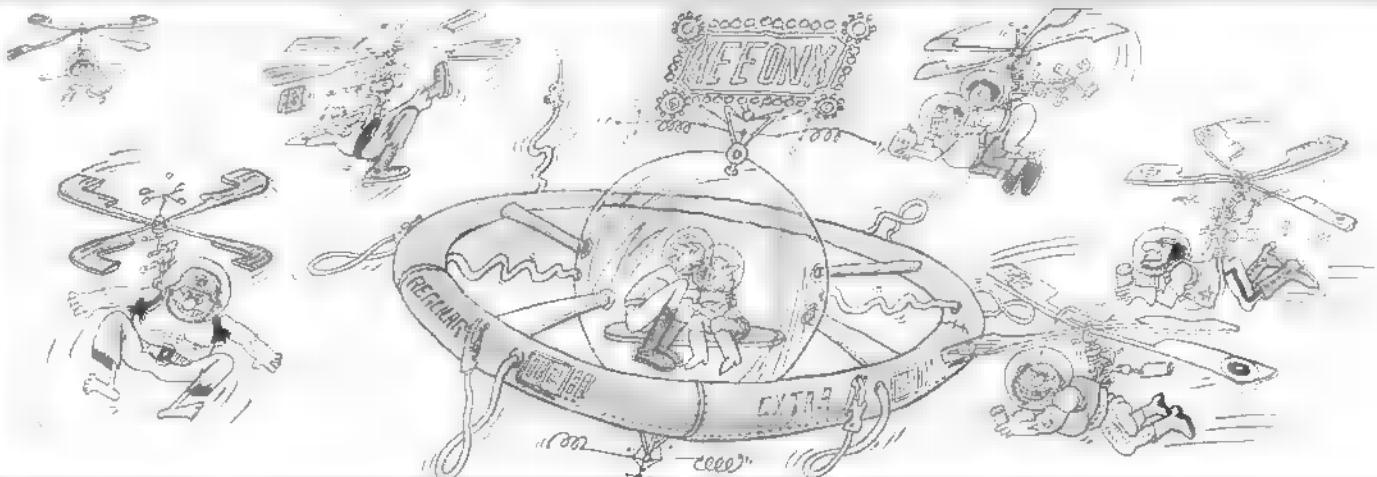




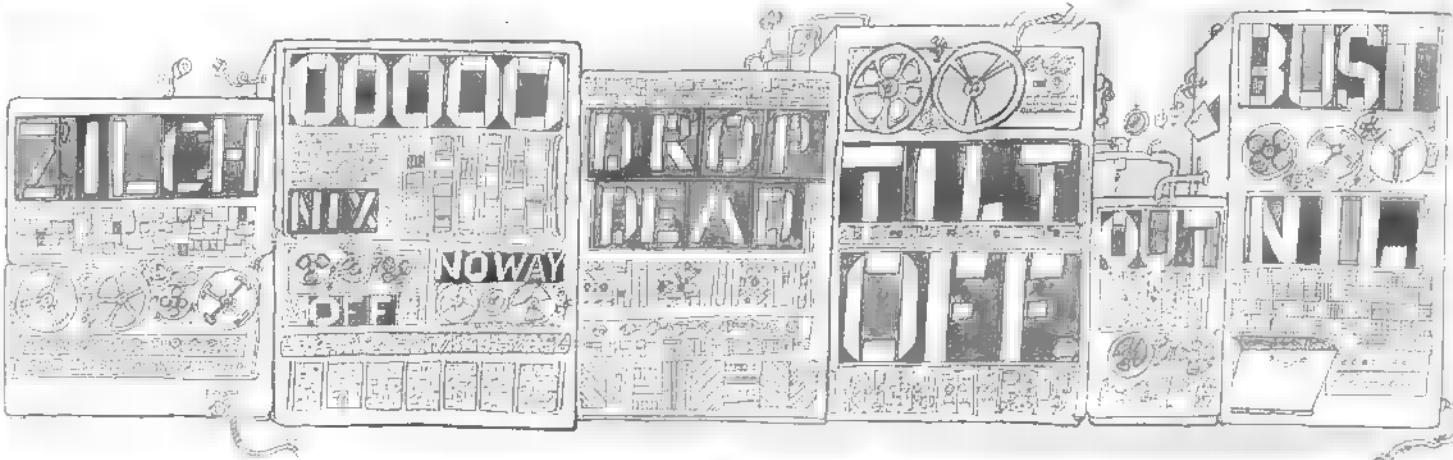
THE FUTURE

PAUL PETER PORGES

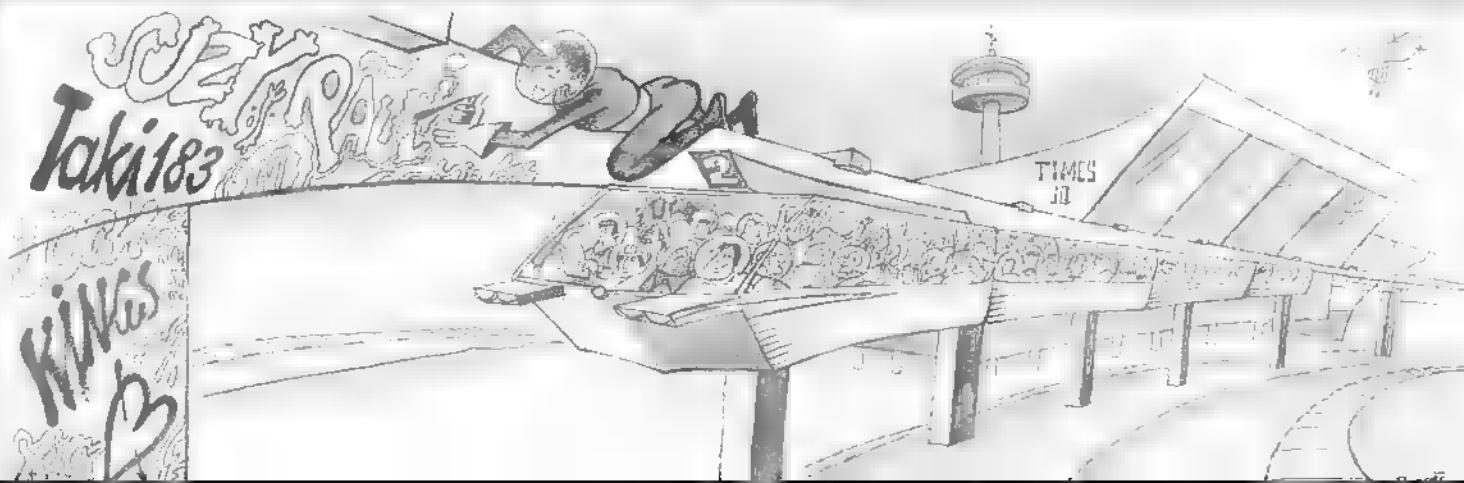
INVASION OF ISOLATED SPACE FUELING STATION BY OUTLAW MONOGYRO GANG



WILDCAT STRIKE BY CENTRAL COMPUTER DATA TERMINALS



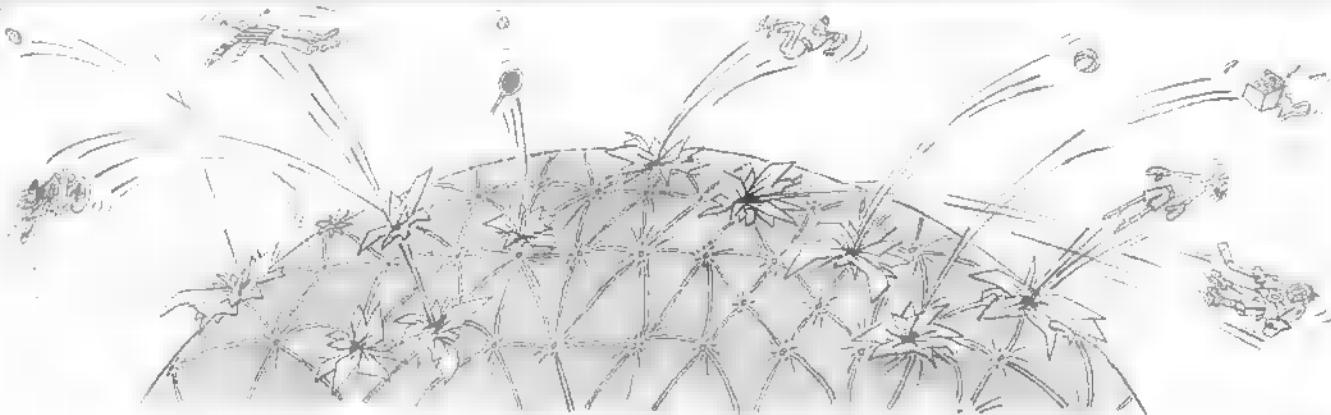
GRAFFITI VANDALISM OF INTERHABITAT RAPID MONORAIL



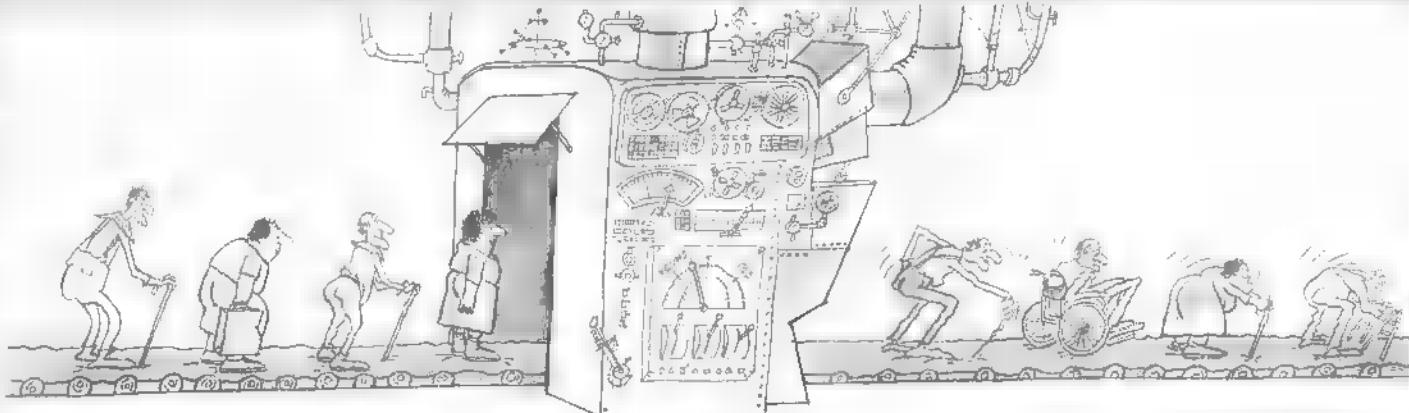
MISMATCH OF REPLACEMENT STRIPS TO OUT-OF-STYLE ORIGINAL ARTIFICIAL LAWN TURF



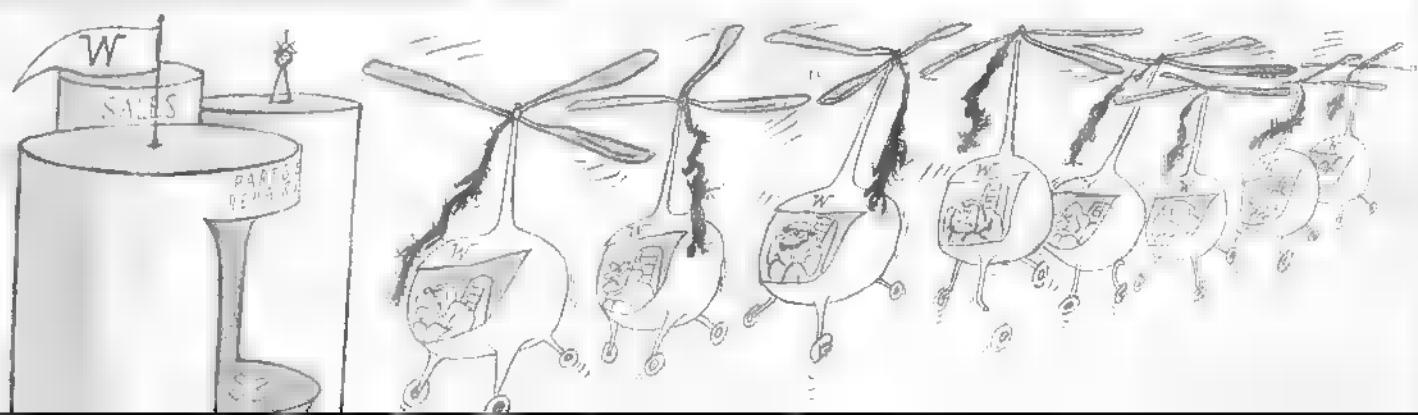
STRUCTURAL FLAW IN MOON SPORTS COMPLEX GEODESIC DOME



TECHNICAL BREAKDOWN OF PEOPLE-RECYCLING PLANT



RECALL OF ALL MEDIUM-PRICED GYROCARs BY MANUFACTURER



BOOK WORMS DEPT.

Hi! I'm **Henry Winkler**, Yale, Class of '71! What, you may ask, is a Yale man doing conducting one of these idiotic interviews for **MAD Magazine**? Well, it's all part of my campaign to get rid of the "Fonzie image! Recently, I did a TV Special on **Shakespeare**... and now I'm going to the other end of the literary spectrum! And **MAD** is about as far from Shakespeare as you can get! **Hey-Yay!** So, okay, you nerds... let's go! I'm here to interview **Mr. Chutzpah Leech**, who has been selected as...

MAD'S LITERARY AGENT OF THE YEAR

Mr. Leech, I'm Henr—

Hold it! I'm talk-
ing to Hemingway
... on the coast!

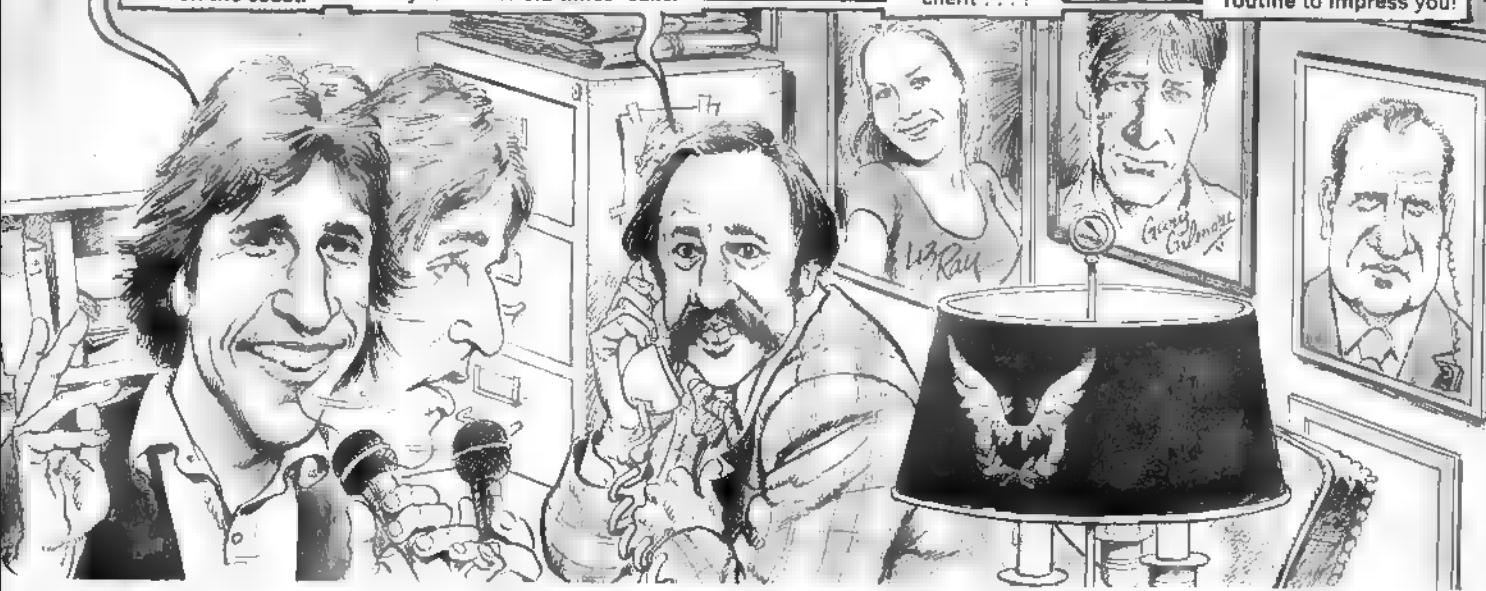
Okay, Ernie! Listen! Even though
you haven't done a thing lately,
and your last book was down the
toilet, I'm gonna take a chance
on you... for old times' sake!

Uh...
Mr. Leech,
Hemingway
is DEAD!!

Oh?? I thought
it was a bad
connection! You
a prospective
client...?

No, I'm
here to
interview
you...!

Why didn't you say so?
I wouldn't have had to
go through that phony
"call to the coast"
routine to impress you!



Tell me,
Mr. Leech,
what's the
first thing
you look
for in a
writer!

I don't
handle
writers!
Aren't you
a Literary
Agent?

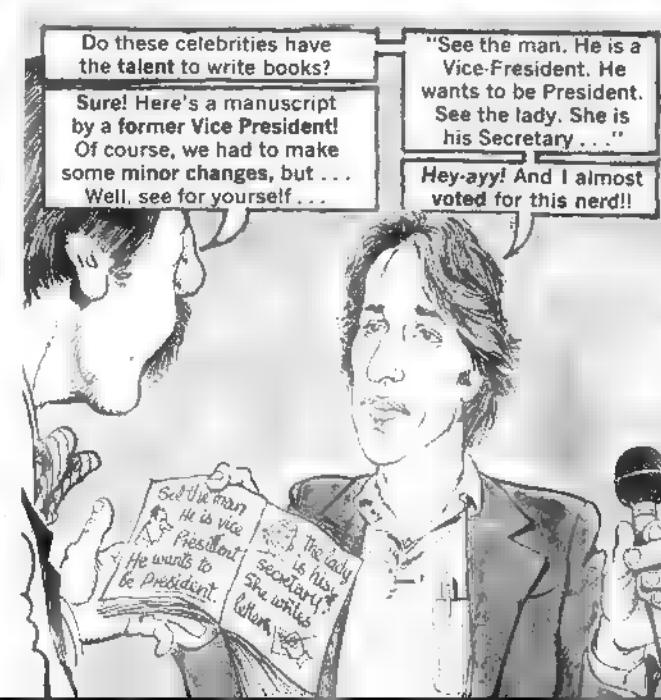
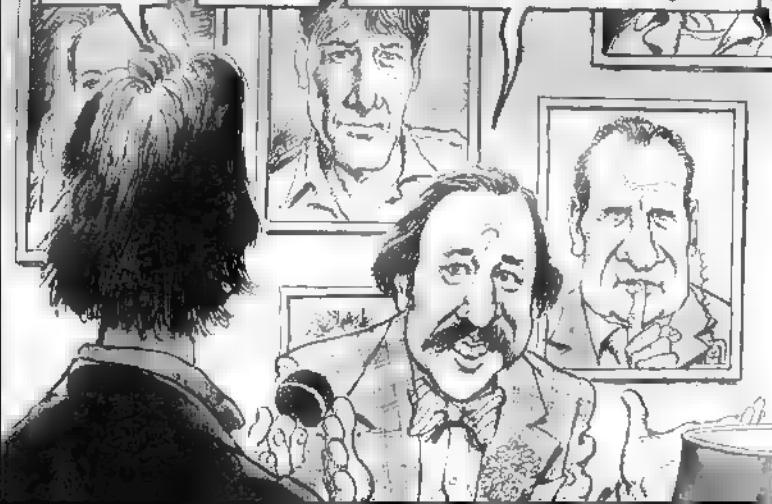
The best! But the public doesn't want
books by writers! They want to read
books by celebrities! People in the
news! My clients are murderers, bank
robbers, crooked politicians, hookers,
terrorists, sexual deviates... people
the reading public can identify with!

Do these celebrities have
the talent to write books?

Sure! Here's a manuscript
by a former Vice President!
Of course, we had to make
some minor changes, but...
Well, see for yourself...

"See the man. He is a
Vice-President. He
wants to be President.
See the lady. She is
his Secretary..."

Hey-ay! And I almost
voted for this nerd!!



However, if any of my clients really need professional help, I have a staff of hacks here who can ghost write their book FOR them! The people I represent may not be able to write books, but they can write something even more important!

They can write the TRUTH!!!

No, they can write CHECKS!!

Sometimes, I ghost write a book myself!

Why? Because the story is so important?

No... because the story is so SEXY!! Like this new book I'm doing with a former secretary to a United States Senator ...

Speak of the devil, here comes "Belle Of The South" now ... !

Howdy, Mr. Leech! I'm here to bare it all for my li'l ol' ghost!

Now, tell ol' Chutz all the dirty stuff in your own sweet way!

Er... should I play the tape recorder that I hid under the vibrating bed ... ?

Was it voice-activated?

No... you had to put a quarter in it... and then the bed shook like a plate of grits on a cold and frosty mornin'!

Well... then the Senator went to his closet, and put on his high heeled shoes and nylon stockings, and ...

We interrupt this program to bring you a special bulletin! There is a hold-up in progress at the National Bank! The Police have surrounded the bank, and they believe that several people are being held as hostages!

Baby... I gotta split! We'll finish this later! I gotta get to the bank!

Boy... you ghost writers are even weirder than Senators... chasin' after bank robbers to get your kicks!!

What's the big rush? Do you have money in that bank...?

I gotta get there before the other Agents do... and try to sign those crooks to a contract! Who knows...? This could turn out to be another "Dog Day Afternoon"!!!

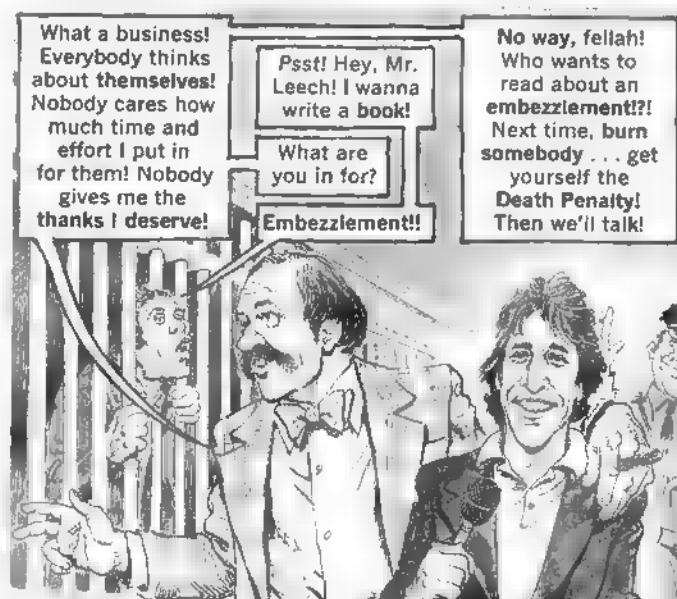
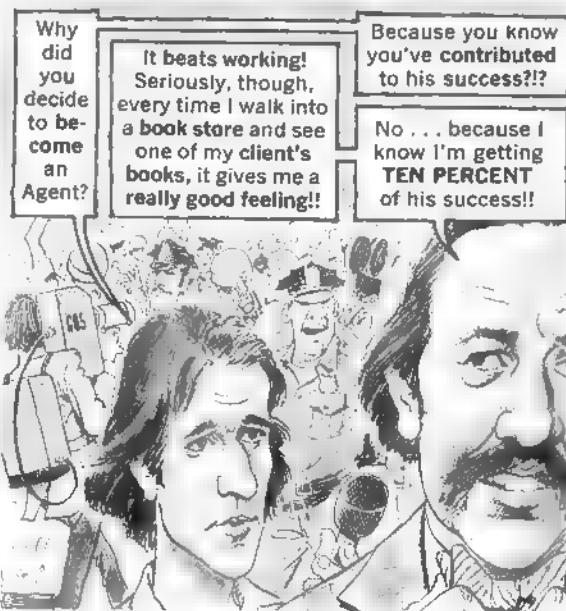
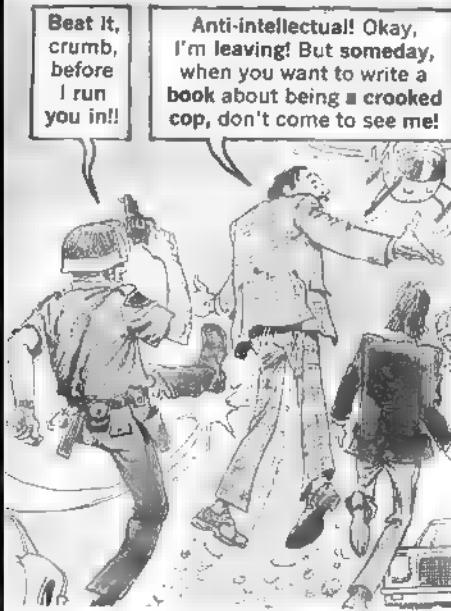
Officer, I've got to get in to that bank!!

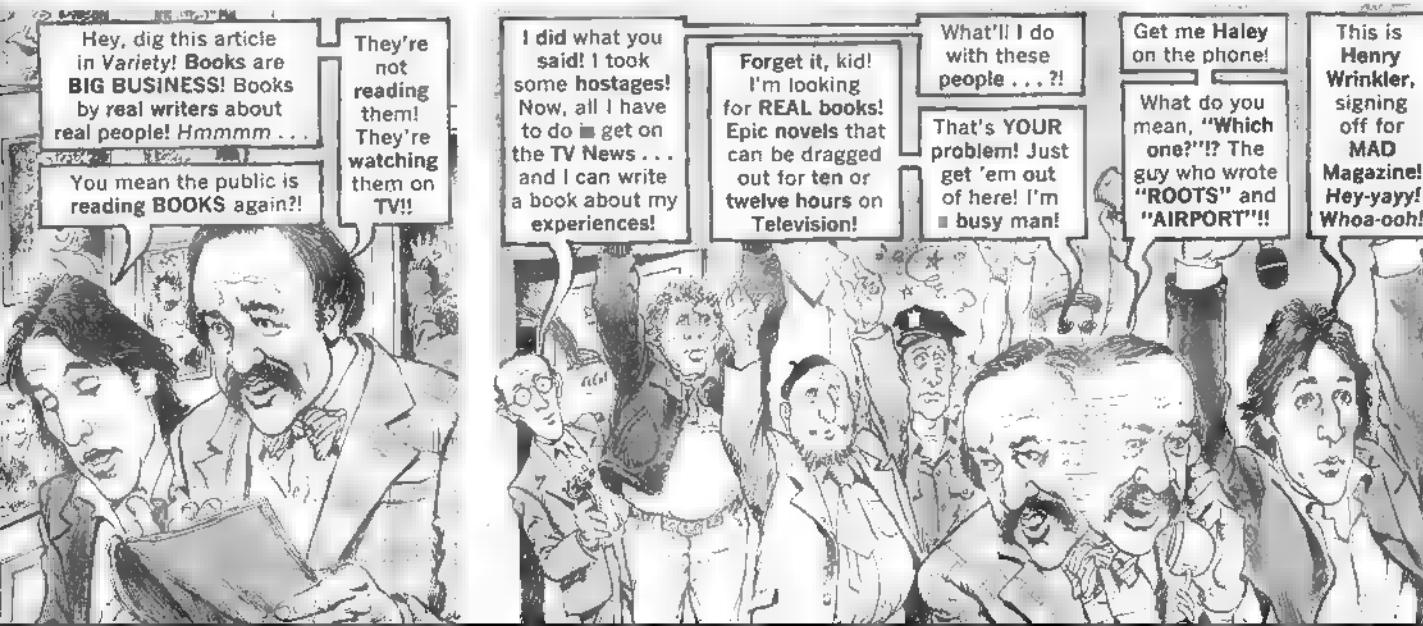
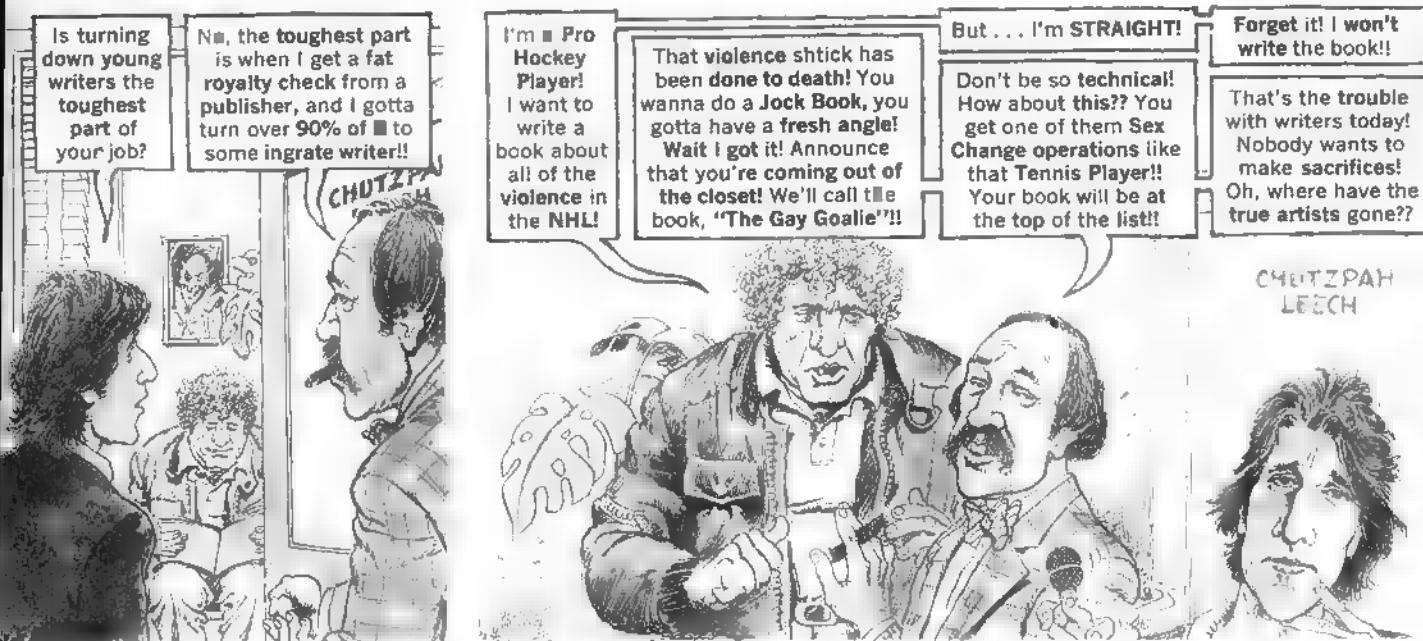
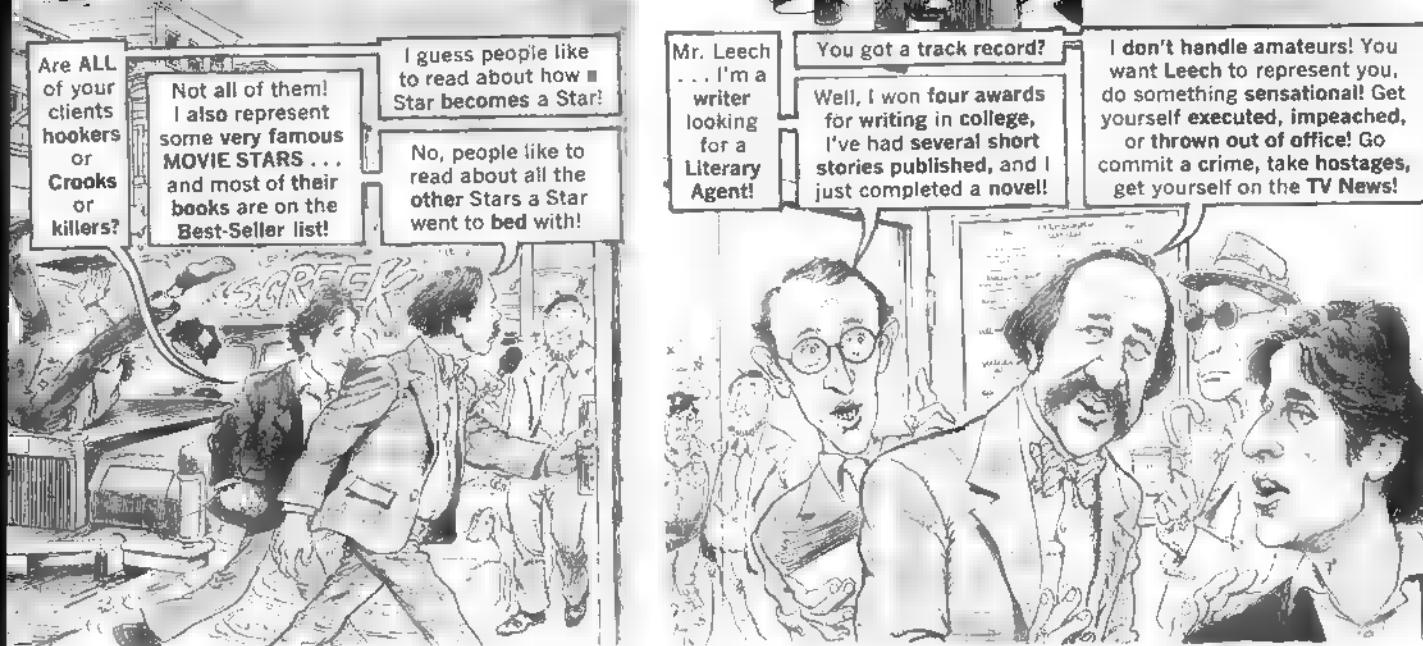
No, I'm their Agent, and I want to talk to them immediately!

Why are you related to the perpetrators?

Are you going to try to talk them into surrendering?

No... I want to talk them into staying in there until all three TV Networks show up with their cameras! Coverage like that is worth a fortune!





CLASS STRUGGLE DEPT.

A MAD LOOK AT A MODERN HIGH SCHOOL

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE



See that guy?
He's the Main
Man on Campus!

That skinny
creep is the
Captain of the
Football Team!?

No...
he's
the
cat
who
supplies
the
GRASS!

Dig that
Teacher!
It looks
like
she's
having a
bad
trip!

Nahh, it's
nothing
like that!
She's just
SUBBING
in our
English
class today!

I think I'm
cracking up!
Last week, at
the Football
Game... I
found myself
cheering for
OUR SCHOOL!

Man, our parents were
lucky when they went
to school! They didn't
have to eat slop like
this! They were too
poor to buy lunches,
so they brought great
sandwiches from home!

The kids are really
lucky today! When I
was going to school,
we brought dried-up
tasteless sandwiches
from home! We didn't
get delicious hot
lunches like this!

It was bad
enough when
they copied
each other's
homework...
Now, they're
handing in
Xerox copies!

I looked in
on your class
and it was
amazing! You
could have
heard a pin
drop! What's
your secret?

Actually,
I have
nothing to
do with it!
The whole
class is
zonked out
on PILLS!

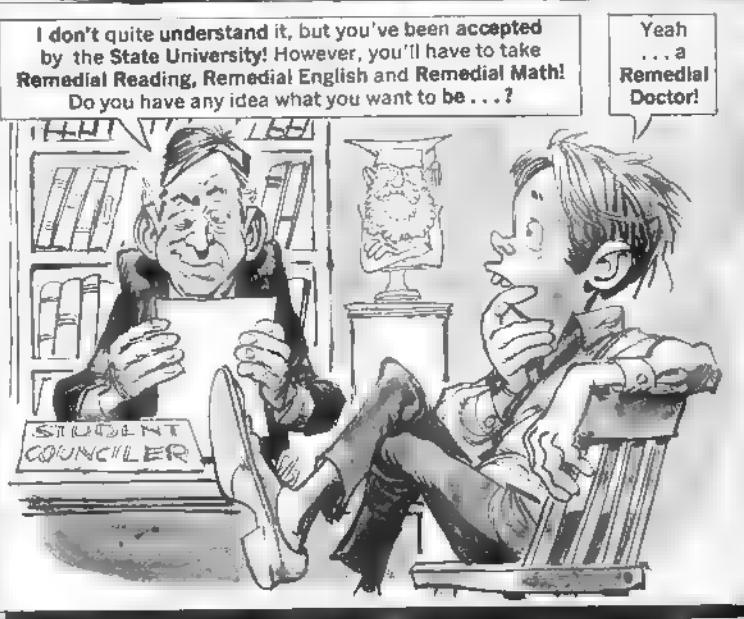
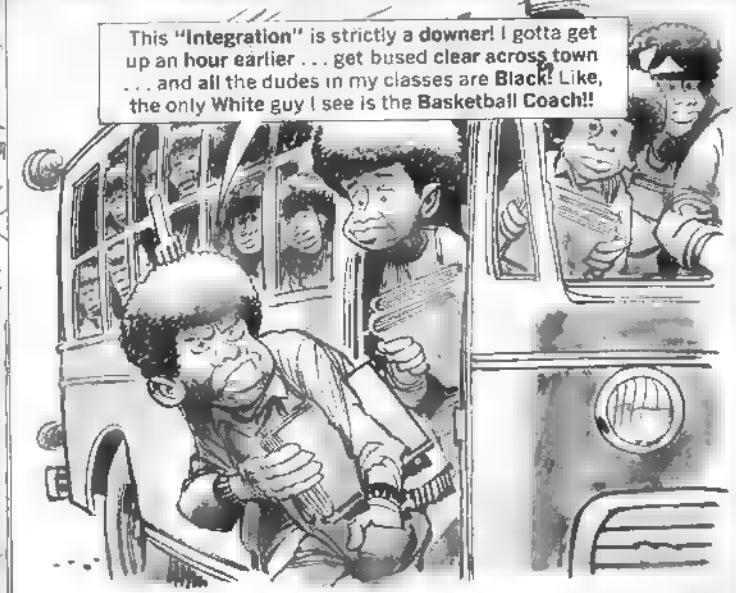
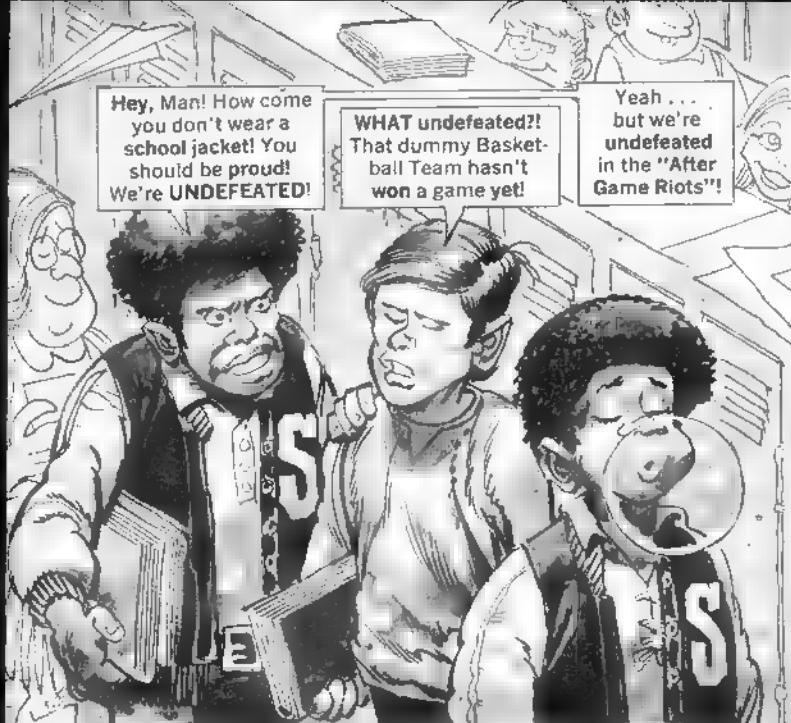
I really feel
ridiculous
teaching Sex
Education to
these kids!
Half the
girls are
pregnant!

Did you see
the list of
books the
Board of
Education
wants to ban?
I think it's
disgraceful!

I think it's
great! It's
one sure way
to get kids
to read a
book! Just
put it on a
"Banned" list!

The problem is:
Colleges don't
properly prepare
Teachers for
the complex
situations they
face in today's
classrooms!

That's
right!
They
should
have
taught
us
Karate!



Of course, I believe in the First Amendment! But the answer is still "No!" The Cheering Section cannot spell out "EAST SIDE HIGH SUCKS"!!

Man, I hate these co-ed Phys. Ed. classes!

Are you off your rd? Don't you dig chicks in shorts?

Yeah, but it's ruining my cool image, getting beat in Volley Ball by a bunch of girls!

I've got some good news and some bad news! First, the good news! Some of the students actually used the new set of Encyclopedias today!

That's splendid! Now... what's the bad news...?

Seven volumes are missing!

I must say, I'm surprised! You, the Class President... cheating!

Man, how do you think I got elected President?!

What did your Mother say when you didn't come home all night?

She didn't say anything! She was away for the weekend with her boyfriend!

Boy, you're lucky! I wish MY parents were divorced!

We have got to do something about all this "CUTTING"!!

But students have always cut classes!

Who's talking about students? I mean the TEACHERS!!

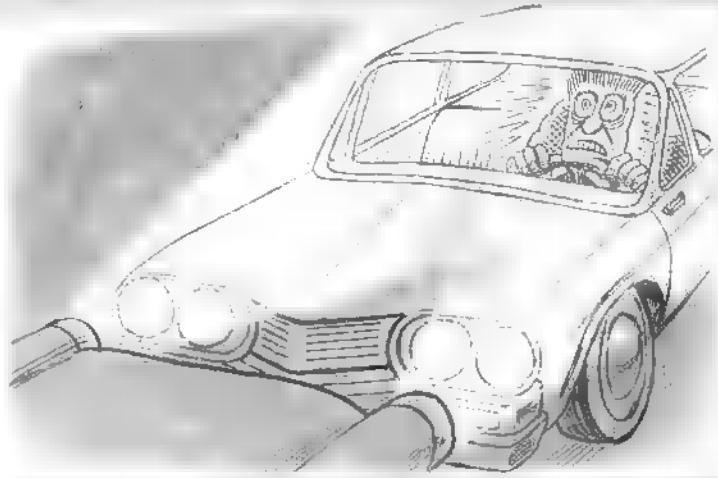
NECESSITY FOR THAT MOTHER DEPT.

INVENTIONS WE

FOR TAILGATERS WITH BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS ON ...



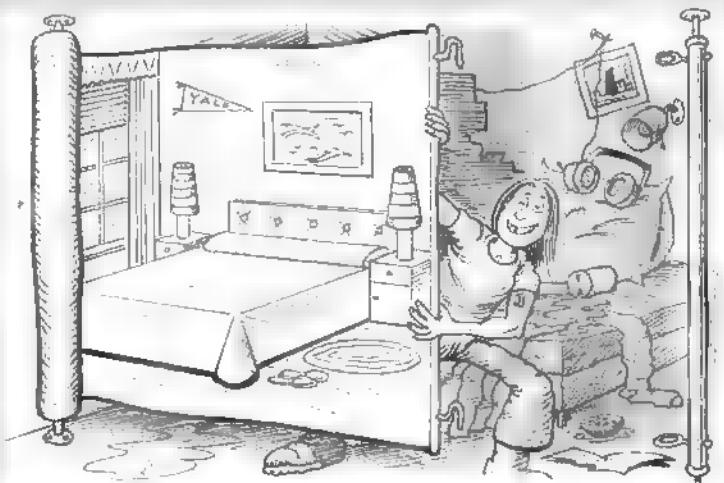
REAR-MOUNTED BRIGHT LIGHTS



FOR MESSY ROOMS THAT NEED QUICK CLEANINGS ...



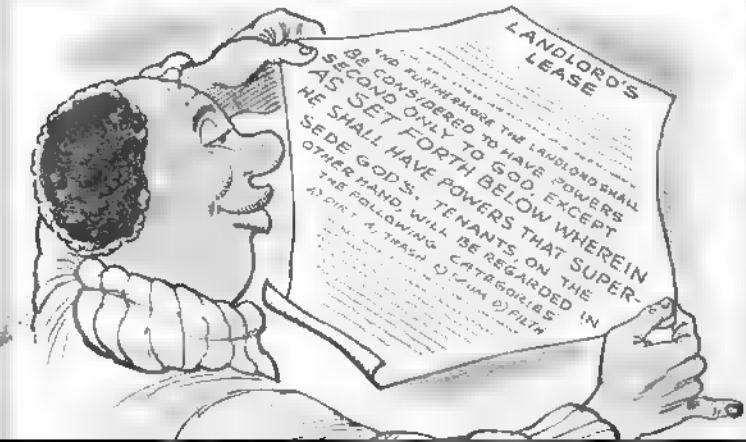
INSTANT-NEAT SCREENS



FOR THAT HARD-TO-READ SMALL PRINT ...



STRETCHABLE PAPER



'D LIKE TO SEE

ARTIST: AL JAFFEE

WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

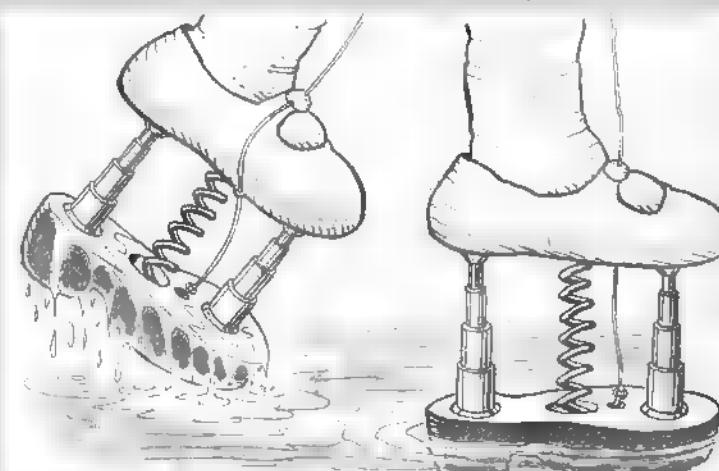
FOR THOSE LIP-AND-TONGUE-SCALDING BEVERAGES . . .

THERMOMETER WARNING SPOONS



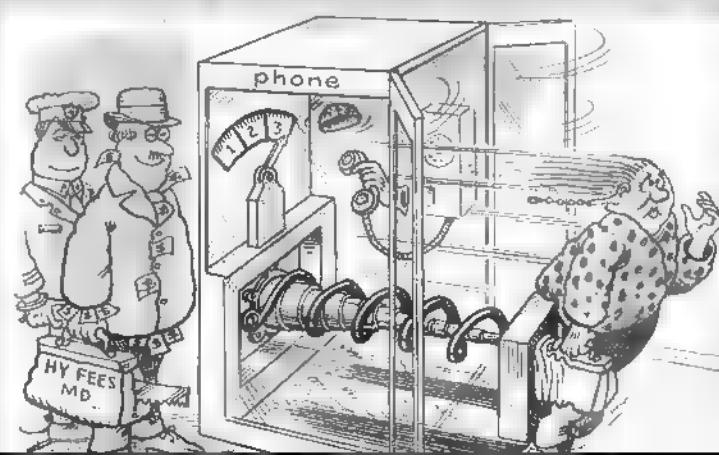
FOR PEOPLE WHO FORGET GALOSHES IN WET WEATHER . . .

BUILT-IN PUDDLE CROSSERS



FOR MONOPOLIZED PUBLIC TELEPHONE BOOTHS . . .

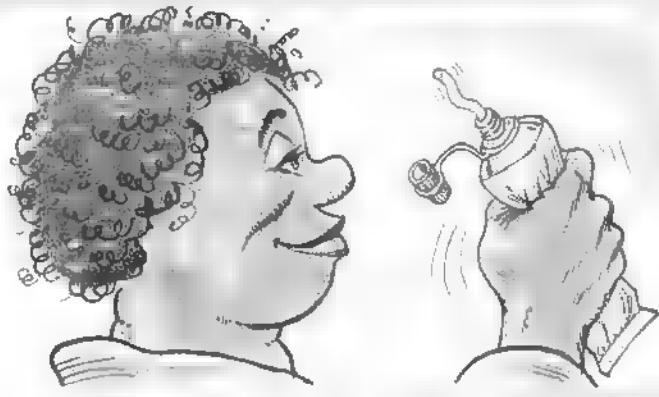
THREE-MINUTE TIMED EJECTORS



FOR THOSE ELUSIVE, DISAPPEARING TUBE TOPS ...



TOTHPASTE TUBE TOP GUARDS



FOR PEOPLE WHO HATE HAVING THEIR FOOD TASTED ...



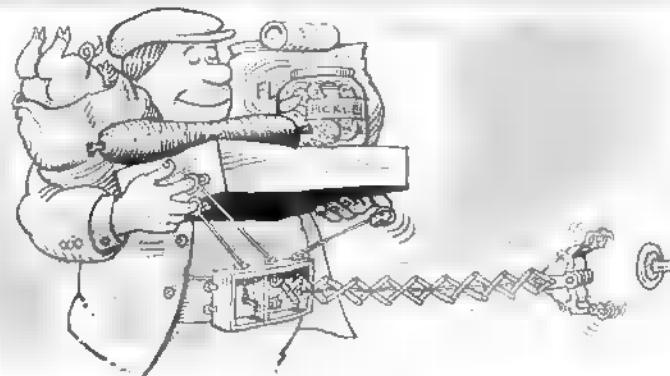
SAMPLE-PROOF PLATES



FOR PROTECTION AGAINST SELF-SLAMMING DOORS ...



EXTENDING THIRD-ARM DOOR-HOLDERS



FOR PEOPLE CURSED WITH NOISY SLEEP MATES ...



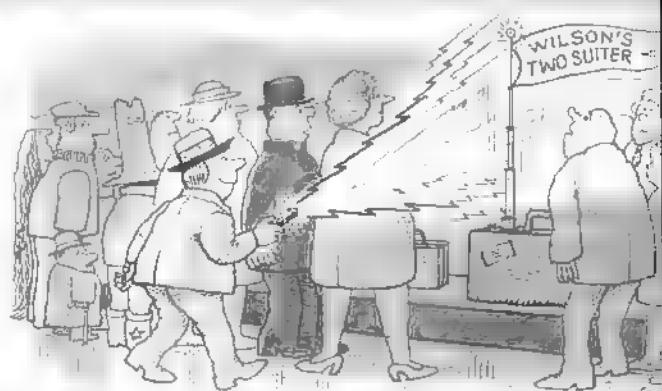
SOUND-PROOF ISOLATION BELLS



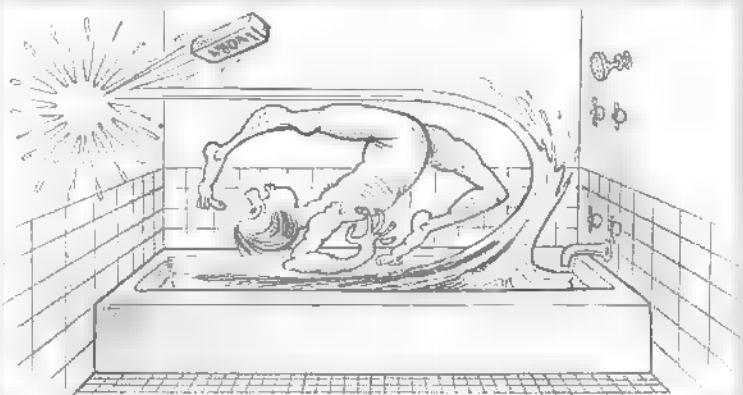
FOR CROWDED AIRLINE BAGGAGE PICK-UP AREAS . . .



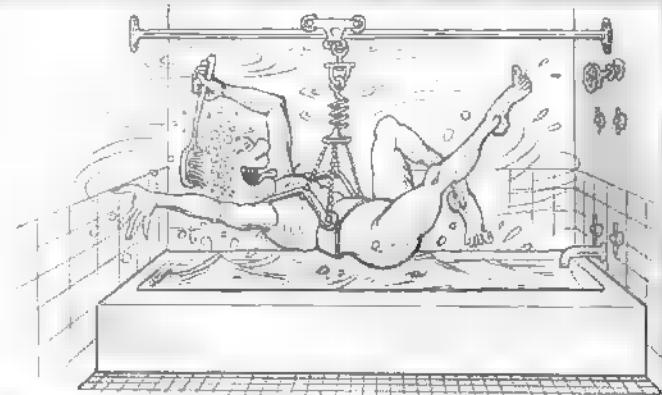
REMOTE-CONTROLLED LUGGAGE-IDENTIFIERS



FOR ACCIDENT-PRONE BATHERS . . .



SLIP-PROOF SAFETY HARNESSSES WITH OVERHEAD TRACKS



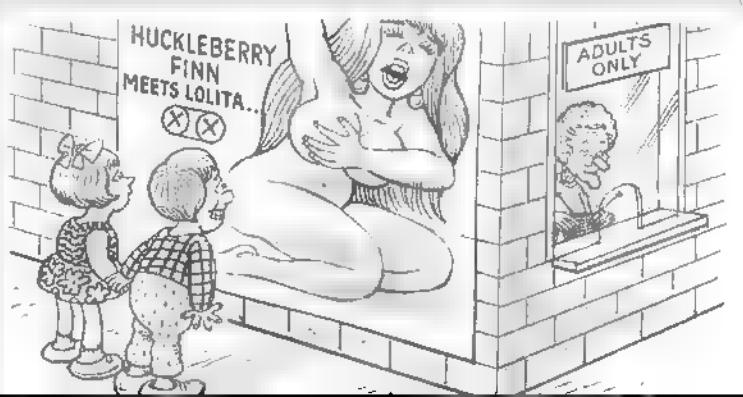
FOR CHRONIC UMBRELLA-MISPLACERS . . .



PERSONAL PORT-A-BRELLA SCABBARDS



FOR UNDERAGE "R" AND "X"-RATED MOVIE GOERS . . .

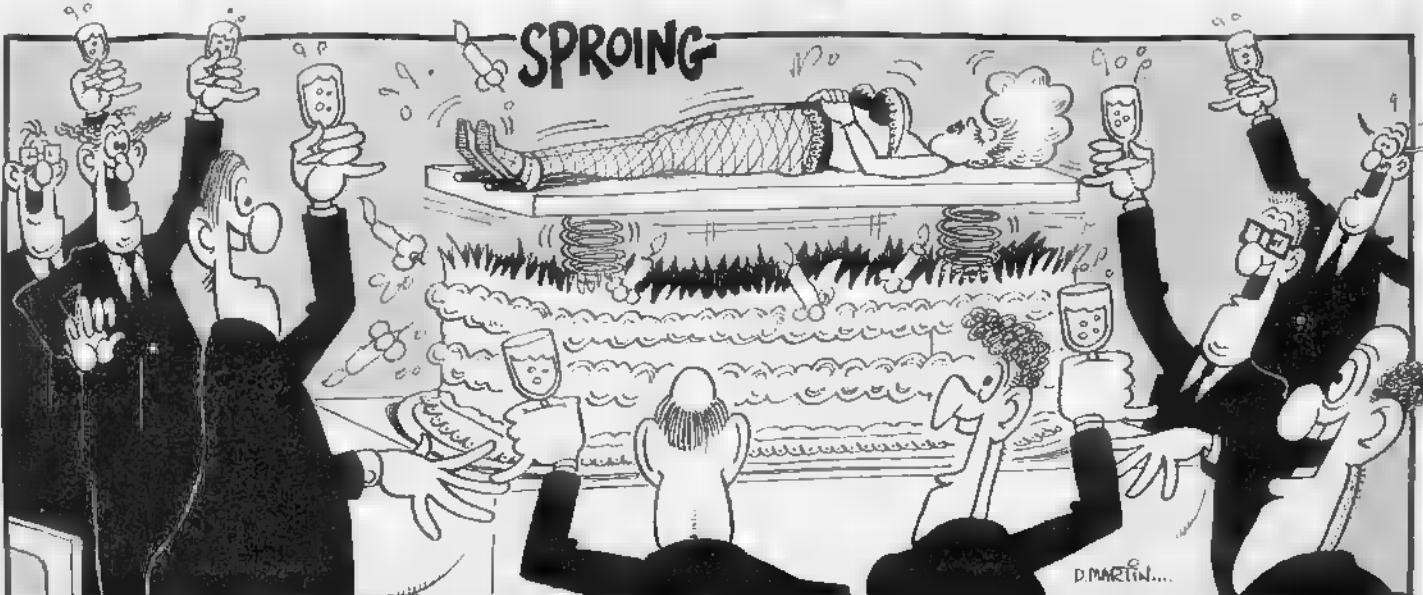
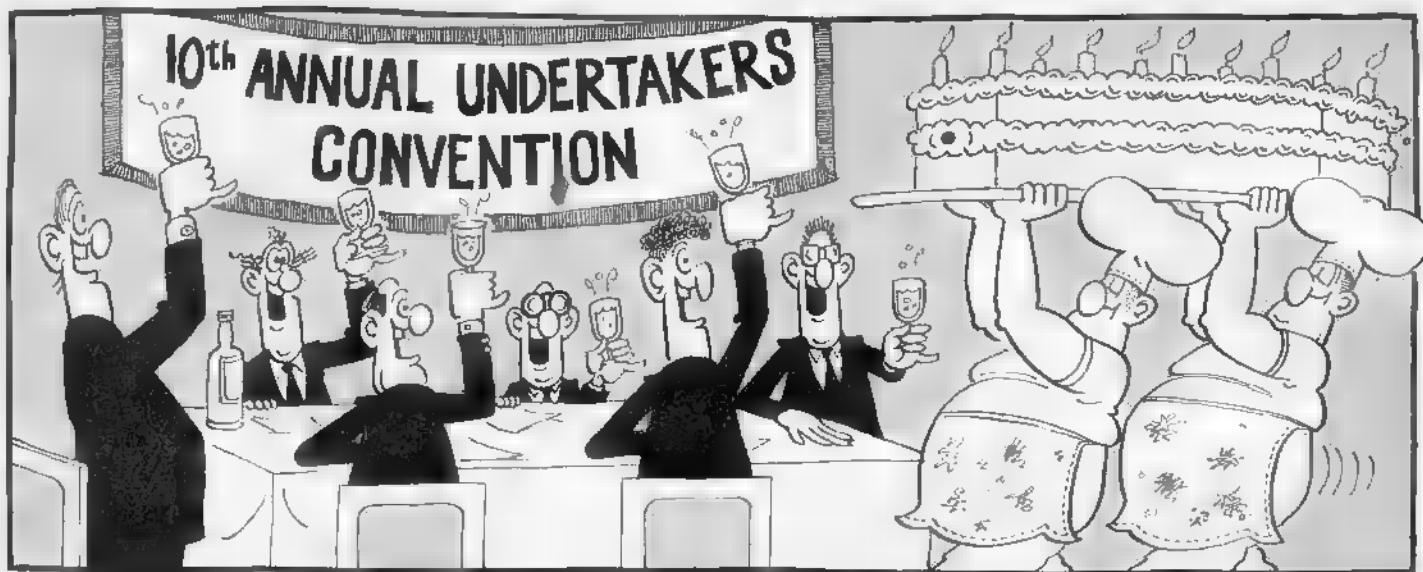


INSTANT AGING KITS



DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

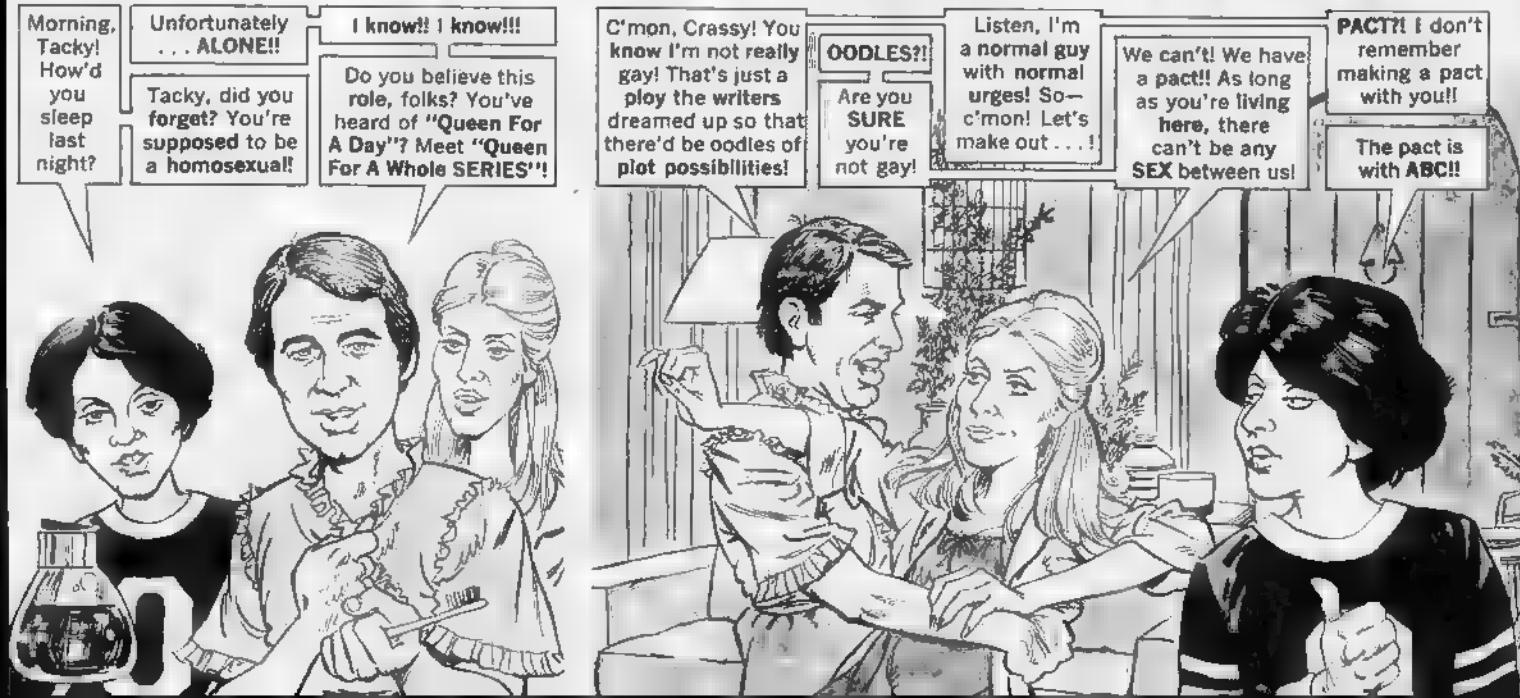
EARLY ONE EVENING IN ATLANTIC CITY

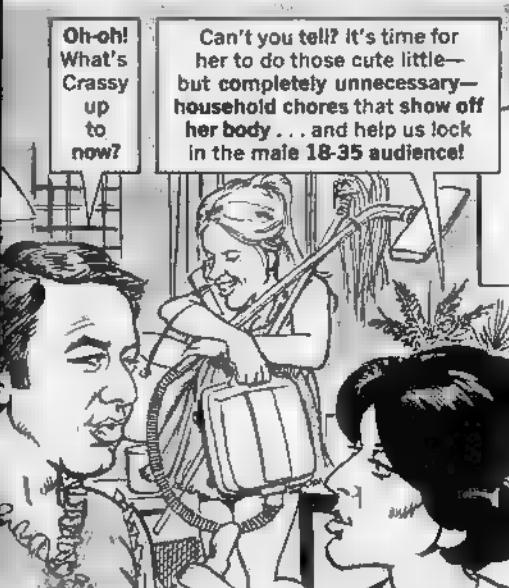
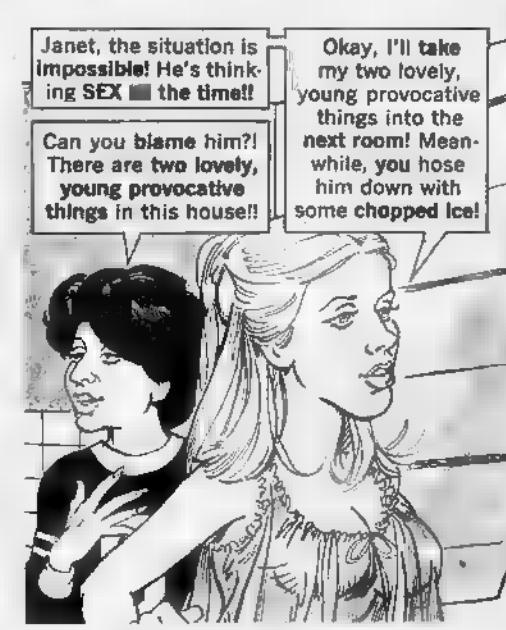
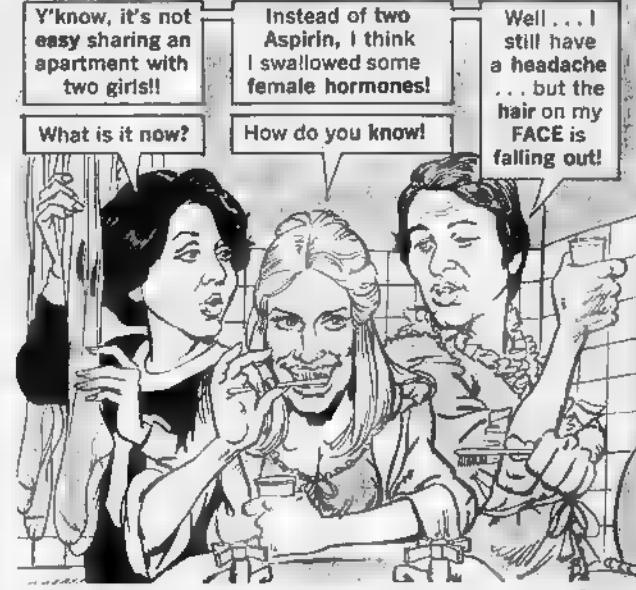
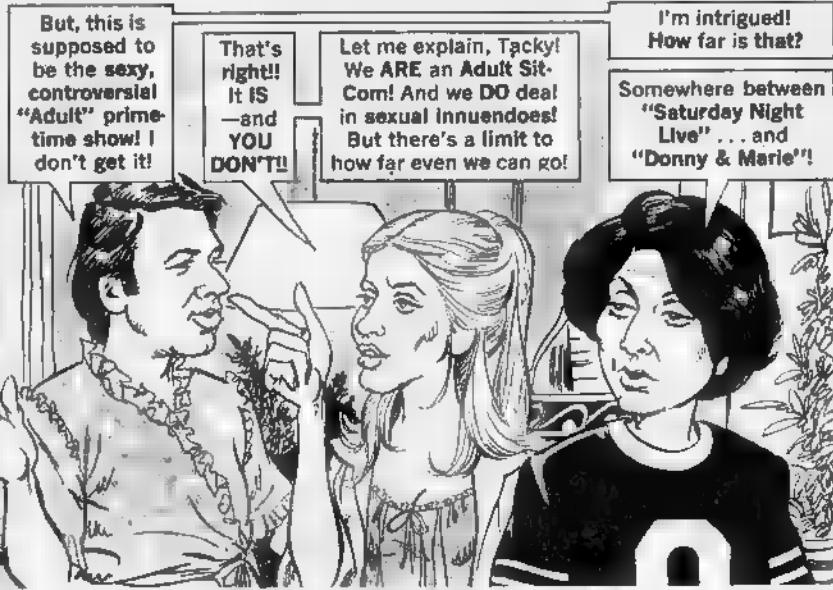




SWITCH HIT DEPT.

HE'S COMPANY





There! Now everything is in... giggle! giggle! top shape!

Mainly, with this low cut top of MINE... you can sure see MY shape!

And there she is, forcing a line of dialogue—revealing all the comedy timing of the Bay Of Pigs Invasion!!



Okay, you three! Open up this door right now!!

Quick! Hide in the closet! It's our LANDLORD!

Landlord?! But, that scene is supposed to be played with a jealous Husband!



Not on this TV Network! So go hide... and then "come out of the closet"! It's time to pretend you're a Homosexual!

Oh, no! Not again! Why must I go through this ridiculous CHARADE every week?

Let me put it this way: If you DIDN'T... this show would be as controversial as "Archie, Betty and Veronica"!

Mr. Doper... why do you keep barging in here every night and bugging us?!

Because we want to know exactly what's going on with you three?!!

... And would you like to make it FOUR?!



Well, you can rest easy, Mr. Doper! Nothing kinky or degenerate—like NORMAL SEX—is going on in this apartment!

Nor, incidentally, in MY apartment!!

That's a relief! I'd hate to spoil the building's good name!

GOOD NAME?!! Right now, it's listed in the phone directory as "The Limp Wrist Arms"!

Level with me, Tacky! Are you REALLY a homosexual... or are you pulling my leg?

If I DID pull your leg, it'd kind of settle the question, wouldn't it?!!



Why would two nice girls like you want to live with a degenerate queer faggot like him?!

Because we like him! He's good company! And besides, there are practical reasons! He helps share the rent, and he's handy around the house! He changes light bulbs and fixes toasters!

Hmmmm! Probably AC-DC!!



And he's a fantastic gourmet cook! He whips up absolutely delicious breakfast dishes!!

I'll bet! Like... FRUIT LOOPS!



No! He really IS a great cook! He serves us meals fit for a king!

Sure... prepared by a QUEEN!!





WHAT DOES
A COLLEGE
EDUCATION
PROMISE TO
GIVE MANY
OF TODAY'S
STUDENTS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

No one can predict what the future holds for today's college students, but if things keep going the way they're going, then there's one sure thing many of them will get! To find out what it is, fold in page as shown on the right.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B

FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



YOUNG PEOPLE SEEKING A HIGHER STANDARD OF LIVING
BANK ON COLLEGE TO HELP ACHIEVE IT. STUDENTS WHO INTERRUPT
THEIR EDUCATION TO SEEK GOOD JOBS SOON FIND IT'S
PARTICULARLY DIFFICULT WITHOUT "COLLEGE DEGREE" DOCUMENTS

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A►

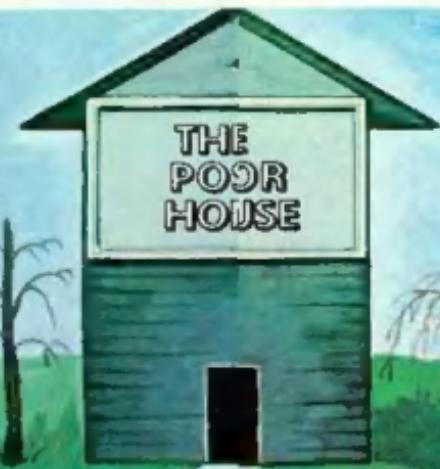
◀ B

WHAT DOES
A COLLEGE
EDUCATION
PROMISE TO
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OF TODAY'S
STUDENTS?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ► B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



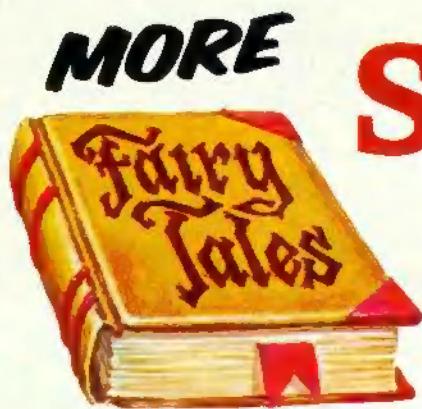
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ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

BANKRUPT

PARENTS

A ► B



SCENES WE'D LIKE TO SEE

(THE FROG PRINCE)

